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The Outlook is indexed in the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature

THE OUTLOOK, April 11, 1928. Volume 148, Number 15. Published weekly by The Outlook Company at 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscription price $5.00 a year. Single copies 15 cents each. Foreign subscription to countries in the postal Union, $6.56. Entered as second-class matter, July 21, 1893, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., and December 1, 1926, at the Post Office at Dunellen, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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SINCE reading the Will Hays portrait in this issue we have been speculating on whether people who talk of censorship—of books, plays, or movies—are concerned over protecting themselves, or other grown people, or simply children. Somehow, we don't remember ever having met any one who felt that he himself needed protection—either for his mind or his morals. Surely he would be vain who would arrogate to himself qualities he was unwilling to grant to others.

IS, then, the work which Mr. Hays has been doing a question of protecting our children? We suppose so. And yet, even at that, it seems a difficult problem. For to do the job thoroughly, either we must prohibit our children from going to the movies until they are twenty-one, or else we must restrict all movies shown to those which are incapable of being wrongly interpreted by any child of fourteen. Our chief entertainment must be written for that age.

NO matter who may succeed Mr. Hays, we hardly think America is ready to go so far as that, strong as some people's conviction may be that many aspects of life must not be shown to immature people.

ADMITTEDLY, the movies are not directed by extraordinarily sincere men bent on nothing but reproducing by means of great artists the ideas of great writers. And yet it does not take much reflection to be convinced of both the absurdity and the danger of any man or any group of men spending their time telling us what they think is good for us to see, or read, or think, or wear. Progress does not seem to lie that way. Nor freedom. Nor liberty. We even doubt if intelligence does.

WHAT the public wants will govern, in the end, in the movies as elsewhere.

It has been proved that the public wants good books and good plays. And it is getting them, solely for that reason. The movies are peculiarly subject to economic laws—much more so than plays or books which can profitably reach a special public without having to please the majority. So there is good reason to believe that in the end the public will get good movies because it wants them also. In the language of Moran and Mack, Hollywood will then say, "We foun' dat out."

Meantime, the Will Hayses don't make much difference one way or other.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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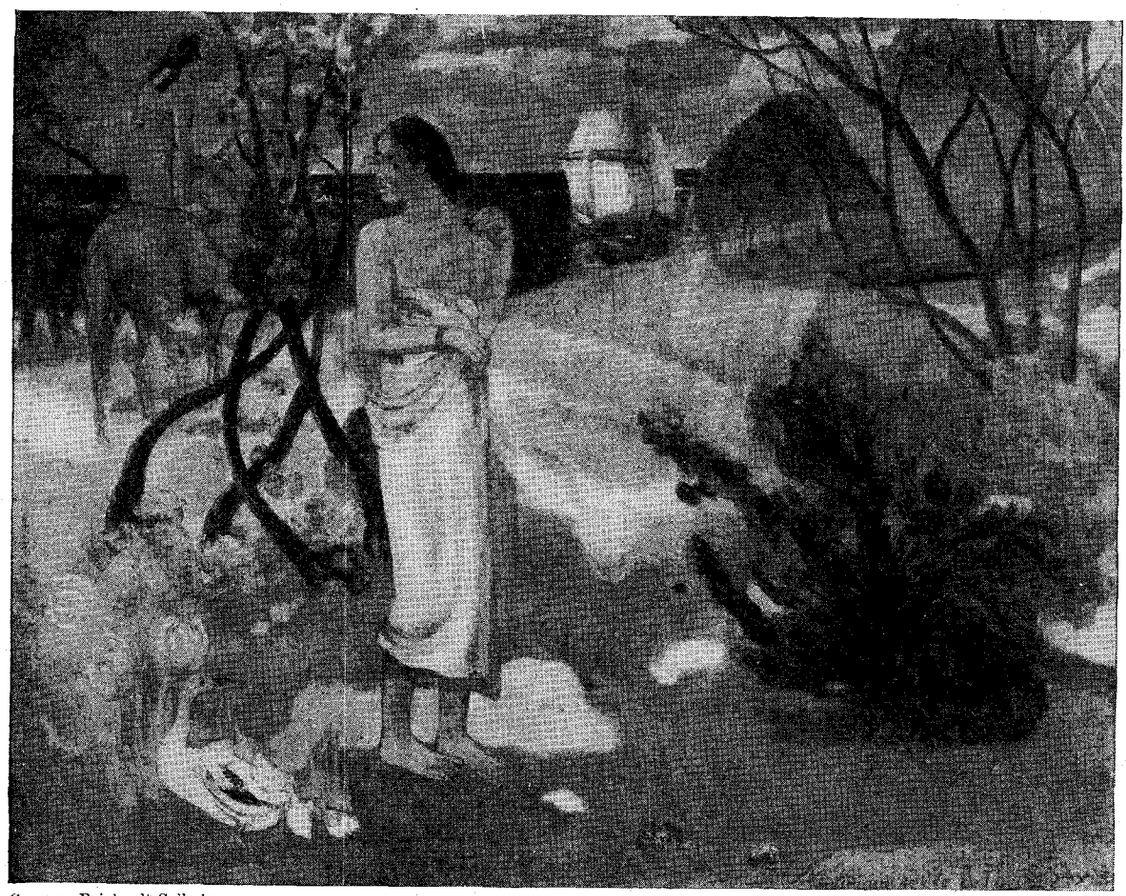

Courtesy Reinhardt Galleries

"LANDSCAPE IN TAHITI"

By Gaugin

Paul Gaugin, Vincent von Gogh, and Paul Cézanne formed that trio now recognized as the first apostles of the new painting. Gaugin's paintings of the Tahitians were the spontaneous protests of a romantic and opulent nature against the depressing sordidness of a worn-out peasant civilization. His coloring is of a tropical richness which is enhanced by strikingly bold patternings, decoration being the predominant note.

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The Outlook

April 11, 1928

The World This Week

Republicans Decline to Condemn Hays

LAST week we printed resolutions presented to the New York Young Republican Club condemning and repudiating "the obscure acts and obstructionist attitude of Mr. Will H. Hays" and declaring the receipt of Mr. Sinclair's large contribution to the Republican Fund was "at once contrary to the principles and the conscience of the party." Just one week after the introduction of those resolutions the members of the New York Young Republican Club, after a debate, overwhelmingly defeated it. They likewise defeated a milder resolution expressing disapproval of Mr. Hays's acceptance of so large a contribution from Mr. Sinclair and his lack of frankness.

One of the members argued that the organization was not the New York Young Liberal Club, but a Republican club, and that the members would be acting like a lot of children if they passed any resolution. On the other hand, the introducer of the severer of the two resolutions, J. Edward Lumbard, Jr., said that if the members were afraid to pass it they ought to disband.

Tunney Is Matched

WITH characteristic suddenness and brevity, Mr. Tex Rickard, who stages the "Battles of the Century," has announced that Gene Tunney would fight an Australian for the heavy-weight championship this year. The Australian's name is Tom Heeney, and in his few fights over here he has not been overly impressive.

Rickard, however, has always liked the international angle to his big fights, and Heenev has been no worse than any of the other heavy-weights who have been struggling to win the chance as "logical contender." Rickard says that he may hold the fight in London. The opinion is, though, that he will return to New York and the immense Yankee baseball stadium, where room may be found for more than 100,000 customers. Rickard has guaranteed Tunney a half million at least for this fight, and New York is the place that pays most heavily for affairs of the sort. Both Rickard and Tunney say this will be the only heavy-weight title fight of the year.

A Statistician on the Death Penalty

DR. FREDERICK L. HOFFMAN, consulting statistician for the Prudential Life Insurance Company of America, has made a study of homicides in the United States, and urges abolition of the death penalty on the ground that it is not a deterrent against murder. Dr. Hoffman finds that the homicide rate for 1927 in 122 cities with an aggregate population of 35,000,000 was 10.4 per hundred thousand. For 1926 it was 10.8, the highest on record.

After "extended study," the statistician remarks, he has reached the conclusion that the death penalty is not as effective as life imprisonment "without the chance of a reversal or the exercise of the pardonable power on the part of the Governor." He points to "the nauseating details of the Snyder-Gray trial" as an example of the evil of the present system. The "ends of justice are not served by such disgraceful exhibitions, but only by the speediest possible apprehension of the criminal and the speediest possible imposition of an adequate sentence."

In this, it is well known, Dr. Hoffman agrees with Warden Lewis E. Lawes, of Sing Sing Prison. Juries will not impose the death penalty unless they are convinced of guilt, not "beyond a reasonable doubt," but beyond the shadow of a doubt. Thus trials drag on amid the blare of newspaper ballyhoo, convictions are rare, and reversals by the higher courts frequent. The man contemplating murder in the United States knows that execution, in the event that he is caught, is a remote possibility.

In making his investigation Dr. Hoffman found the collection of authentic statistics exceedingly difficult. Congress, he feels, should appropriate money for this purpose. His views on murder and the death penalty are published in an article in "The Spectater," an insurance journal.

California's Dam—Soft Rock

WHEN the St. Francis Dam, in California, broke, the Pacific coast editor of the "Engineering News-Record" reached the site within thirty-six hours. Newspaper reporters were "explaining" the cause of the disaster; investigations by official agencies were under way; many ill-considered opinions were being broadcast. A technical report of the evidence prepared by a civil engineer who was beholden to no political entity, published by the foremost American journal devoted to civil engineering and destined to be read by the Nation's civil engineers, as critical a group of readers as could be found, provides a more solid foundation for decision than that of the late St. Francis Dam.

These are the salient findings of Engineer-Editor Nathan A. Bowers. The foundation of the dam was at fault. Instead of being keyed into the soft rock

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on which it was placed, it merely rested on it except in the central portion, but that portion stood. The underlying rocks were weak. In them there was a narrow seam of serpentine. Mr. Bowers was able to pick it out with his fingers. Samples of the conglomerate above this, when submerged in water, were found to soften in a short time. In one place part of the concrete foundation was found overhanging and undisturbed, with the rock undermined beneath it for fifteen feet.

These conclusions are confirmed by the findings of the Commission appointed by Governor Young, of California, to investigate the disaster.

Before the coroner's investigation expert geologists agreed with the disintegration view of the State Commission; and the chief engineer of the dam, William Mulholland, seventy-two years old, bravely assumed the responsibility for whatever engineering errors were made, but asserted that elaborate tests had been made of the foundation material. He declared with emotion: "If I were to build St. Francis Dam again, I would build it in the same manner, but not in the same place. That place where it was built was vulnerable against human aggression."

In neither investigation has it been proved (as has been asserted by some of the near-by residents) that criminal negligence was shown in not sooner issuing warning of the impending disaster.

The engineering profession will not be proud of the St. Francis Dam.

A Star Displays Temperament

SOMETHING more stupendous than anything that has ever happened on earth has possibly happened in that part of the heavens which is visible from the antipodes; yet astronomers do not know what it is. Press despatches from South Africa, where several of the world's most noted observatories are located, including branch observatories of Harvard, Yale, Michigan, and other American institutions, tell us that the star euphoniously named Nova Pictoris, which was seen in 1925 to flash out as a "new" star, has split in two. Astronomers review their learning, students search through text-books. There is no precedent for such a peculiar event; while the evidence of the newspaper interview comment shows that the more able the astronomer, the less willing he is to risk even a suggestion of an explanation. Therefore The Outlook will bide its time.

With the heavens dotted (telescopically) with billions of stars, man has thus far observed altogether only about 50 new stars in the Milky Way, our universe, and about as many more in our next-door neighbor universe, the great spiral nebula in Andromeda. And never before has any of this insignificant little coterie of stars performed in the manner now ascribed to Nova Pictoris. But this proves virtually nothing. Man has observed the stars but a second; has himself existed but an hour. The life of a star is counted in millions of millions of years, and in that length of time, though the stars are extremely far apart, almost anything can happen among them.

The easiest and most tempting explanation in this case is a collision between two stars. But astrophysicists can show that collisions occur extremely rarely—virtually never. A more tempting explanation is a mistake made in South Africa.

A Music Merger

MUSIC lovers of New York learn with regret and not a little dismay of the merging of the New York Symphony Orchestra with the Philharmonic Society—regret that an organization of such long standing as the New York Symphony will cease to exist as a separate entity, and dismay that the richest city in the world cannot, or rather will not, support two orchestral institutions of the first order.

The new organization will be known as The Philharmonic-Symphony Society of New York. Mr. Harry Harkness Flagler will be President; the other officers being Mr. Clarence Mackay, Chairman of the Board; Mr. Frederick Juilliard, First Vice-President; Messrs. Otto Kahn, Marshall Field, Paul Cravath, and Henry Seligman, Vice-Presidents; Charles Triller, Treasurer; and Richard Welling, Secretary.

The following reasons are given for the consolidation:

"To establish an orchestra with a sound financial backing that will guarantee the continuance of the musical traditions of the two societies.

"By bringing the friends of both societies into a single organization, to create a fund for the pensioning of the superannuated members of the orchestra and a sick and benefit fund.

"To undertake the erection of a new hall that will serve as a suitable and permanent home for the new orchestra.

"To enlarge the educational work of the society by making available to music students and school-children in the city of New York a greater number of concerts at a price within the reach of every one. It is the wish of the officers that the new orchestra will bear the same relationship to the musical life of the city as the Metropolitan Museum bears to those interested in the graphic and plastic arts."

Mr. Mackay further states:

"Several considerations prompted this decision. One was the constantly mounting cost of giving orchestral concerts and the burden of the recurring task of raising the necessary money to provide for the deficits of two orchestras. It is believed that the consolidated orchestra, by somewhat lengthening the concert season and giving an increased number of concerts, will be able adequately to meet the needs of the subscribers and patrons of both societies."

Arturo Toscanini will be the chief conductor and will choose the musicians. One of the other conductors will be Willem Mengelberg. Walter Damrosch will be retained as guest conductor.

American Tabus

PRESIDENT WILLIAM H. P. FAUNCE, of Brown University, has noticed that plain speaking is not at present one of the dominant American characteristics.

"We scoff at Dayton," he said in a recent address. "We say that such a scene is incredible in our part of the country. But there are two subjects that cannot be discussed on their merits among us. One is prohibition. Those who speak in its behalf are set down as prudes. Those who are against it are marked as sensualists.

"So also is the matter of birth control. I offer no brief for it, but when we see what is happening in our slums—lives snuffed out as motherhood comes on—why is it that we have no open minds on the question?"

Nicaragua's Anti-Pro-United States Cabinet

EMILIANO CHAMORRO, Nicaragua's former dictator, whom the United States has refused to recognize either in office or as a Presidential candidate, is the man who recently secured the defeat of the bill to provide for elections supervised by United States marines. Now that President Diaz has authorized the elections by executive decree, Chamorro is the man who apparently controls the Conservative Cabinet.

President Diaz has just reorganized his staff of Ministers in an attempt to close the breach in the Conservative ranks caused by the dispute over supervision of the elections, and put the party in proper condition for the campaign. Out

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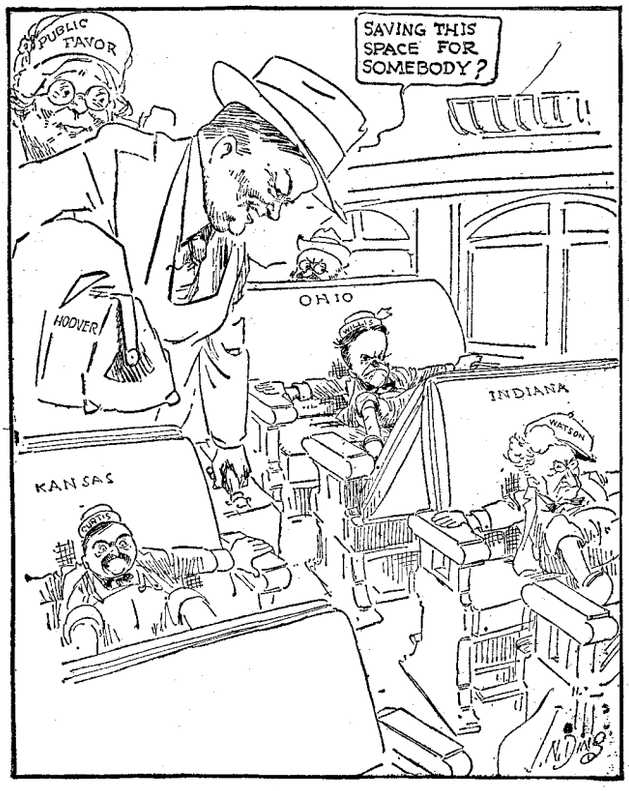
Cartoons of the Week

Darling in the Daily Oklahoman



A lot of space for little boys who are going only to the first water tank

From J. E. Watson, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Halladay in the Providence Journal

They don't like the looks of the skipper

From Jacob Dress, Providence, R. I.

Talburt in the New York Telegram

We suspect there'll not be much love for it!

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

Cargill in the Pawtucket Times

Treasure Island?

From Mrs. Shepard, Pawtucket, R. I.

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of five present Cabinet officers, three are reported to have Chamorrist sympathies. Evidently, it was the only sort of coalition that the President found himself able to form in view of the influence of Chamorro's aggressive personality with the party rank and file. He has balanced it with two Ministers reputed to be friendly to him and favorable to the United States.

Paraphrasing Shakespeare, the slogan of Nicaragua's Conservatives obviously is, "Chamorro and Chamorro and Chamorro."

" Slim " Is Fed Up

He has an aggravated case of the tired feeling that afflicts us all this time of year. He is tired of hand-shaking, testimonial dinners, medal presentations, camera posing, speeches about the future of aviation, ubiquitous reporters, gushing women, and back-slapping men, tired of taxi-ing Congressmen around and above Washington. In a word, he wants to become, for a time at least, "Slim" Lindbergh, a young fellow who likes to tinker with planes and play practical jokes on his fellow-fliers. It is rumored that this is a prelude to a Pacific flight, perhaps a complete encirclement of the globe; and mention of a new member of the firm of "We" seems for the moment to lend credence to the suggestion. The new plane has "cat's eyes" for night flying, two big projectors on the wing structure capable of developing 250,000 candle-power. It differs in design from the Spirit of St. Louis in that it has a brougham cabin, instead of the inclosed cockpit with periscope. It has the same type engine, but the wing spread is slightly larger. The gasoline capacity is 1,000 gallons. It is not, however, an experimental plane or one adapted to ocean flights.

"Slim" is not talking about the future, but those close to him believe that his next appearance will be as a manufacturer of planes.

A Queer State of Things

A somewhat incongruous and certainly amusing situation exists as to the California Presidential primaries of May 1. The Republicans are "sitting pretty," for they are all but unanimous for Hoover. So, according to press reports, many of their spare votes will be cast to help or hinder the very much not unanimous Democrats. This may legally be done in California, and the Republicans, after working mischief or otherwise in California's Democratic choice of a candidate, may safely return to the Republican field when election day comes in November.

According to all signs, these Republican votes will be split between three prominent Democratic Presidential candidates (strictly speaking, of course, between men who will vote for the candidates as members of the National Democratic Convention). Republicans who are not excited by the anti-Catholic issue will in the Democratic primary favor Governor Smith if they see wet and Senator Walsh if they see dry, while if they are zealous anti-Catholics and are not worrying particularly about the wet and dry issue they may espouse the cause of Senator Reed, who is considered neither wet nor dry enough to offend anybody. Now different sections of California feel differently on the three questions concerned.

Predictions as to the outcome of this tangled state of things would be reckless. The one thing that does appear is that it casts a shadow on the prestige of the Presidential primary as an institution.

Billy Barton's Bad Luck

It was to the other side of the ocean that the eyes of American sport lovers turned recently for one of the thrills of the year—over the ocean and to the rain-swept, muddy turf of a race-course that must have resembled, before the finish of the year's Grand National, a battlefield.

A small, compact gelding, foaled in the hunting country of Long Island in 1918, was running in the most famous of all the steeplechases of the world, and was carrying with him the hopes of every American who had ever felt the thrill of a horse-race. Billy Barton was the horse, and he had become during the years since 1926 the very best steeplechaser in the country, under the guidance of Albert G. Ober, Jr., gentleman rider. He was owned by Mr. Howard Bruce, of Baltimore, a past M. F. H. in that old hunting country, and the whole atmosphere of his trip to England and his shot at the greatest jumping prize of all was appealing in its sportsmanship.

Since the start of this Grand National no horse bred and trained in America by Americans had ever won. American owners had twice won, but with purchased entries bred abroad. It is now a part of the history of this ancient English race that Barton, running beautifully from the start, led the immense field of forty-two starters twice around the course until the very last fence of all. Here he went down, to arise and finish out second to Tipperary Tim, an Irish entry, and the only other horse of that immense field to finish out the race.

The performance of Barton answers in full the English horseman who has been wont to look on our jumping races here and say, "Very pretty, but your horses could never stay the course in our country."

Billy Barton started life as a flat runner and once won the Cuban Derby in Havana. He developed bad manners at the post, however, and dropped out of sight at the professional tracks, to reappear under the silks of Mr. Bruce as a cross-country racer.

Unclean Candy Factories

As a result of a study made by the Consumers' League of New York, the city health authorities have closed a half-dozen candy factories where sanitary conditions proved unusually bad. That action will be taken against other plants is likely, although, as usual, the Commissioner of Health is handicapped by having an insufficient number of inspectors.

During the past thirty-seven years the Consumers' League of New York has been acquainting the public with the conditions under which what it wears, eats, and uses is made and sold. In 1900 it investigated department stores and other mercantile establishments, and its findings resulted in sweeping reforms. The present study of candy manufacturing was conducted because of the large number of women in the industry.

Twenty-five factories in or near New York were visited by the experts of the Consumers' League, and conditions in them, its report shows, varied from excellent to horrible. Of the greatest public significance is the fact that in very few of the plants, some of which were owned by large corporations, were adequate sanitary precautions taken. Some of them were found to be a positive health menace, and it is against these that action has been taken by the city authorities.

Although the most immediate results of the League's inquiry has been action by the health officials, it is hoped that other evils, such as low wages and an abnormal labor turnover, can in time be adjusted. According to a study made in 1923 by the New York State Bureau of Women in Industry, the women and girls employed in making candy were paid less than those in four other principal industries. One woman worker out of each two questioned earned less than $13.75 a week.

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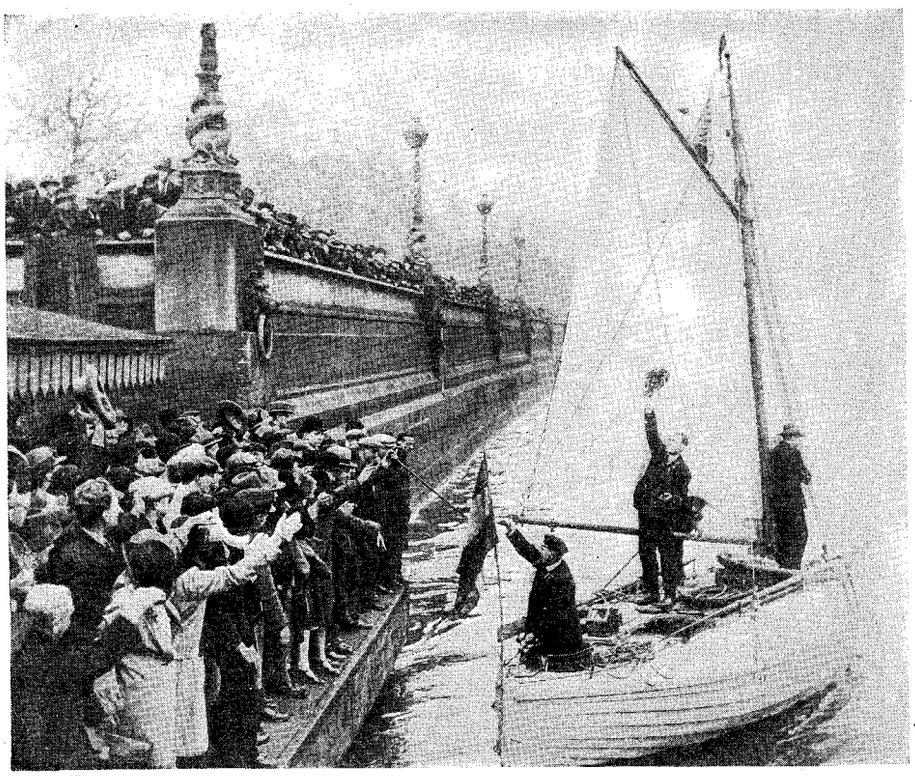

Wide World

FOUR MEN IN A BOAT

To prove the seaworthiness of their "unsinkable" lifeboat, four Dutchmen set sail from Thames Embankment, London, recently, bound for New York. The boat is only 28 feet long and its only motive power a small sail

Realizing that abuses in an industry cannot be cured by legislation alone, the Consumers' League plans to seek the co-operation of the industry. A "White List" will probably be established, as was done for the mercantile establishments in 1900, and on this will be placed those factories which live up to minimum standards. Primarily, it is the purpose of the Consumers' League to inform the public regarding conditions under which candy is manufactured. Where wage standards are too low conditions can never be very good.

Catholicism vs. Fascism in Italy

POPE PIUS has attacked the authority of Mussolini. The Fascist dictator has replied defiantly to the Pope. Thus the two powers in Italy have joined issue and a settlement between the Church and the State—of which there have been rumors—seems further off than ever. The Palazzo Chigi will hardly concede to the Vatican any part of its former Papal territory while it is an active center of opposition to the Fascist program.

The form in which this inevitable dispute has appeared is a rebuke by the Pope to the Catholic Center Party for subservience to the dominion of the Fascist Government and for "putting on the same footing and attributing the same right to the despoiled Holy See and the state responsible for its spoliation." But the real matter at stake obviously is the control of education. The Pontiff has said that he and his bishops were pained and grieved at the realization of the existence of "a complete plan tending to a veritable monopoly of juvenile education."

In the preparation of its citizens, a fundamental duty of the Fascist Government, Mussolini has retorted that it is impossible for the state to yield to any one, declaring: "If the state does not accept, or even as much as discusses this duty, it gambles away its right to existence."

The Pope has protested against Fascist suppression of such organizations as the Catholic Boy Scouts. Mussolini has responded by forbidding any organization of youth beyond those founded and controlled by the Fascist Party.

Two hierarchies are at war. And two views of their struggle are possible.

One is that each wants to control education to its own advantage, without regard to the independent development of the child as an individual.

The other is that by insisting upon state education the Fascists will break down the control of the Church in the realm of ideas.

Both are probably right. Fascism certainly would simply substitute one dogma for another. But, lacking religious authority, it would make way for a freedom of training and thought such as neither the Catholic Church nor the Fascist state desires.

What of the Consumer?

AFTER a stormy passage through Congress, amendments have been added to the Radio Act of 1927. The Federal Radio Commission is again complete, and for the first time all members are confirmed by the Senate. The Commission is clothed with authority, although a test case in the courts may arise to disclose just how far the authority extends. Congress has made it clear that the rural sections of the Nation must be given as reliable radio service as the large cities. The decks have been cleared for action.

Drastic changes in the broadcasting system are foreseen. Wave-lengths are likely to be shifted from station to station; power outputs to be reduced in some quarters and increased in others; transmitters in congested areas ordered off the air and their channels utilized to give "equality of broadcasting."

The new law stipulates that the people of the five zones are entitled to equality of reception and transmission, and that the licensing authority shall, as nearly as possible, make equal allocation of broadcasting licenses, waves, periods of time on the air, power outputs to each zone in so far as there are applications.

Allocations are apparently to be made on the basis of population. New York State will be entitled to 8.52 per cent of the radio facilities in the United States. This is much less than the proportion of power which it now uses and its powerful stations stand to be weakened.

However, it is hoped that some of the large broadcasters, because of the high character of their programs, will not be forced to surrender their efficiency to small, outlying transmitters. The hope lies in their being able to "borrow" waves and power from other zones. The law makes this possible by declaring that "when there is a lack of applications from any zone for the proportionate share of licenses and wave-lengths, time of operation or station power to which such zone is entitled, the licensing authority may issue licenses for the balance of the proportion not applied for,

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to applicants from other zones for a temporary period of ninety days."

There are fifty-two broadcasters in the metropolitan area. With the clamoring for wave-lengths in other parts of the country, especially in the South, it is doubtful if all of the New Yorkers will be able to "borrow." Some think that the quota for New York will be about a dozen transmitters. However, no action is expected before May 1, when the present licenses expire.

The law makes it clear that all allocations shall be charged to the State wherein the studio is located, and not where the transmitter is located. For example, WJZ's studio is in New York. The transmitting plant is at Bound Brook. But WJZ is a New York station.

Congress and the Commission have tried to be fair to broadcasters. But there is a question if, in this effort, they have not been unfair to radio listeners.

The present Commission—Judge E. O. Sykes, O. H. Caldwell, Sam Pickard, H. A. La Fount, and Ira E. Robinson—will hold the reins until February 23, 1929, when their terms of office will expire. Thereafter Commissioners will be appointed for terms of two, three, four, five, and six years, respectively, as provided in the Radio Act of 1927.

A Farmer's Plank

B. F. YOAKUM, railroad official, has been telling the Democratic Party how to catch the farmer's vote. He would include in its agricultural plank the following principles:

"Independent management and control by farmers in marketing their products.

"Establishment of authority for a Nation-wide system under a general law authorizing Federal charters for farm commodity marketing organizations conducted by producers; each standard farm commodity, when organized by producers of such commodity, to be granted a Federal charter when applied for under the . . . law authorizing such charters; permission to be granted separately for each 'farm commodity,' when organized by producers, to conduct their marketing under supervision of a 'farm marketing board of control' of their own nomination, charged with the responsibility of grading, inspecting, classifying, and directing all inter-State and foreign shipments of an organized commodity.

"No penalty imposed through enforcement of an excise tax or assessment . . . that destroys the independence of the farmers in marketing that which is theirs; and the Department of Agriculture and Department of Commerce, without assuming authority or interfering with the 'marketing boards of control' in the exercise of their proper functions, to furnish such information . . . as may be requested by farm marketing organizations."

Mr. Yoakum introduced his suggestion with a preface citing the plight of the present-day farmer. Farm property values, he said, had in seven years decreased from $79,000,000 to $56,000,000, while other property values had increased from $550,000,000 to $600,000,000.

"More than 100,000 farmers have lost their farms and homes," he told members of the Women's National Democratic Club.

"The owners and their families have been thrown out upon the world, to seek employment of an entirely different character, . . . forcing many of them to find work as four-dollar-a-day laborers against organized labor's ten to fifteen dollars a day."

He also had something to say about middlemen, to whom he referred as the "food-dealer" population. A "food-dealer" population of 19,000,000, he declared, was living off a total "farm population" of 32,000,000.

A New Ancient Town

A NOVEL and extensive plan of colonial restoration which will do for a town what Henry Ford did for the Wayside Inn is described by Mr. H. I. Brock in the New York "Times."

Williamsburg is one of the most fascinating of America's historical spots. When the Virginian colonists fled from Jamestown because of malaria, Williamsburg became the capital. Here Patrick Henry made his famous speech ending, "If this be treason, make the most of it;" here William and Mary College was founded in 1693; here still stands the old Powder Horn; here is the historic Bruton Church; here are many charming old-time residences.

Now it is proposed to restore the Williamsburg of the eighteenth century as "a museum in the spirit of 1776." In an area of about a square mile, the new and incongruous buildings are to be razed; the public buildings and private houses of the early period are to be replaced where they originally stood—for instance, the old Capitol will rise on its original site. When the restoration is complete, we shall view an old-time small town with wide streets and the Palace Green with the Governor's old Palace. The present town is small; it always has been small; now it will become both a memory of the old and a delight in the present.

Naturally, the cost of this novel restoration will be great. Mr. Brock's article intimates that Mr. Ford and Mr. Rockefeller are back of the plan. About $2,000,000 has already been spent in purchasing land and buildings. The rector of the Bruton Church, Mr. Goodwin, the originator of the plan, is overseeing its execution as a labor of love and public service.

Evidently a genuine regard for the past and a true sense of historical interest and charm pervade this original undertaking.

Negro Delegates at the G. O. P. Convention

ONCE more a flurry has arisen over the housing of Negro delegates to the Republican National Convention. The Republican National Committee has passed the matter on for disposition by the local committee on arrangements at Kansas City. Protests from Negro delegates from several States have been made at the intimation that Negro participants at the Convention would be assigned to separate quarters—to Negro hotels and Y. M. C. A.

Ben Davis, of Atlanta, National Committeeman from Georgia, wrote the chairman of the local committee that he and other Negro delegates from his State, comprising eleven of Georgia's sixteen, would expect accommodations equal in all respects to those of white delegates and that "rooms with bath and telephone were wanted." The chairman, Conrad H. Mann, replied, "We desire to accord Negro delegates and visitors the same courteous and considerate treatment which we always show our own Negro population." Which, Negro politicians declared, was "applesauce." It has been stated at Kansas City and the other cities concerned that at previous Conventions, notably at Chicago in 1920 and Cleveland in 1924, "Negro delegates and visitors were housed in homes and hotels of their own race."

On this point the information seems a bit mixed, but Negro political leaders are quoted, in an organ of their race, to the effect that Negro delegates were housed as stated, but "were not forced," and could have gone to white hotels "had they so desired." It is predicted from the same source that forced segregation at the Convention would be at

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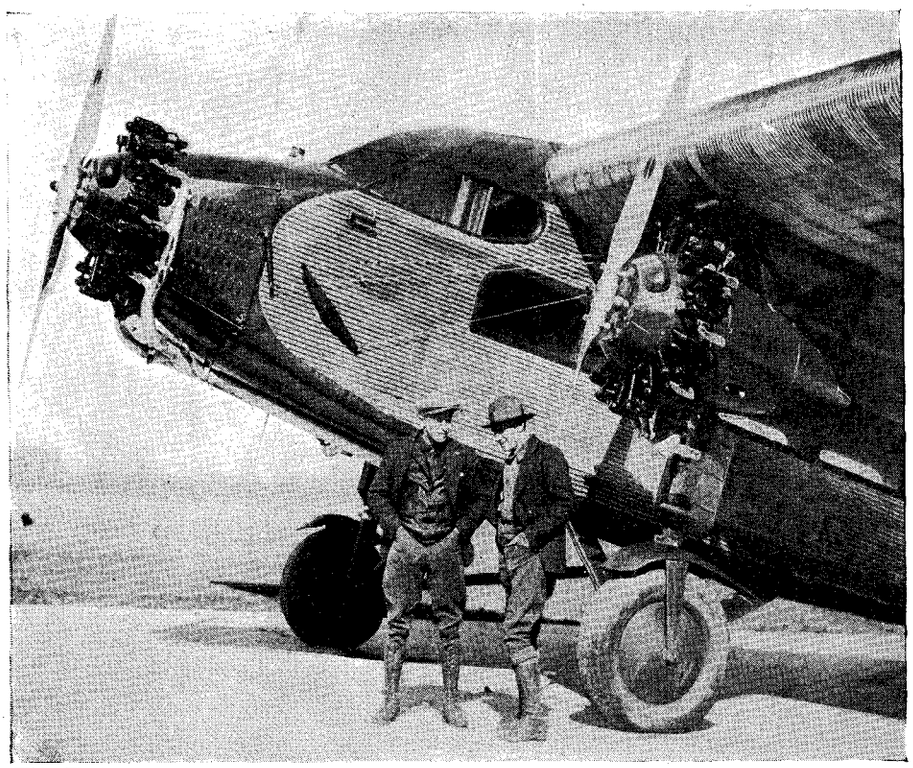

Wide World

ANTARCTIC BOUND

Bernt Balchen, pilot, and Floyd Bennett, second in command, of the Byrd South Pole expedition, and the huge Ford monoplane which the party will use in their Southern flight

the risk of alienating Negro support of the Republican Party in certain doubtful States. But the local chairman concludes that when Negro delegates see their accommodations at the Convention city they will be "entirely satisfied."

From Washington

A Unique Senator

SENATOR STEPHENS, of Mississippi, has the distinction of being the only Senator, in recent times, who has evinced a willingness to forego his right to talk.

The Mississippi Flood Control Bill was before the Senate. Senator Jones, chairman of the committee which drafted the bill, had completed his explanation of it. Senator Stephens was recognized. His job was to present the case for the flood States. He had the opportunity, and doubtless was prepared to avail himself of it, to say things which would have increased greatly his popularity in the lower Valley.

Senator Fess arose to say that, in his opinion, the Senate had full confidence in the committee which drafted the bill and that he saw no necessity for consuming much time in debate. Senator Stephens said simply, "I will yield for a vote."

The vote was promptly taken. Seventy Senators voted in favor of the bill. Not one voted against it, though the plan for financing flood-control work was not at all the one which President Coolidge had asked for. So far as could be ascertained, only one Senator was opposed to the bill. That one was King, Democrat, of Utah, and he was paired.

The bill, carrying an immediate appropriation of $325,000,000 and providing for such additional sums as may be found necessary, was disposed of in one hour and twenty-nine minutes.

The Senate had made a record in the handling of an important bill.

The Nation Foots the Bills

THE Senate Flood Control Bill places the entire burden of financing upon the Federal Government. It recognizes the soundness of the principle of local contributions, but it states in terms that the $292,000,000 which the flood States have already contributed fully meets that requirement.

The engineering plan tentatively adopted is that of General Jadwin, Chief of Army Engineers, but provision is made by which the Mississippi River Commission plan may be substituted, or both of these set aside and an entirely new plan made. Discretion as to this matter is placed with a board to consist of the Secretary of War, the Chief of Engineers, the President of the Mississippi River Commission, and two civil engineers to be appointed by the President.

The work immediately provided for is the protection, by means of levees and spillways, of the Mississippi from Cape Girardeau, Missouri, to the Gulf of Mexico. Ultimately, the work is to be extended to tributaries and even to main tributaries of tributaries. The appropriation of $325,000,000 is regarded as only a beginning. The ultimate cost is likely to approximate a billion dollars.

The House bill, not yet finally agreed to in Committee, makes a larger appropriation and differs from the Senate bill in other particulars; but it agrees with the Senate bill in placing the entire burden of expense on the Federal Government. No great difficulty is anticipated in harmonizing the two bills. It is not thought possible that Congress will adjourn without enacting flood-control legislation.

Putting Off National Origins

THE House of Representatives has concurred in the Senate resolution postponing for a year longer the application of the national origins quota system feature of the Immigration Act of 1924. President Coolidge will undoubtedly give his approval. Whether the national origins system is good or bad, it presents great practical difficulties on the administrative side, and on the political side it has such potentialities that nobody in either party is anxious to throw it in gear on the eve of a Presidential and Congressional election.

There is little doubt that at the next session of Congress a determined effort will be made to repeal the national origins clause of the Immigration Law. The opposition will be equally determined, and the old battle of America for Americans will be fought again.

An Author in the Senate

ARTHUR H. VANDENBERG, an editor and author, comes to the Senate from Michigan, to the place made vacant by the death of the old teacher, Woodbridge N. Ferris. Senator Ferris was a Democrat. Senator-designate Vandenberg calls himself a believer in independent Republicanism. Some of his party brethren who do not believe in independence have called him a Wilson Republican. But it is a safe prediction that, in the main, Senator Vandenberg will be regular.

Only forty-four years of age, Mr. Vandenberg has been for exactly half that length of time editor of the Grand Rapids "Herald." As a student his in-

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clination runs to history, and he has to his credit as an author a number of historical books.

Mr. Vandenberg would have been a candidate for the Senate on the Republican ticket even if Senator Ferris had lived. By the appointment Governor Green has stamped the approval of the State administration upon the Vandenberg candidacy.

A Last Word from Governor Smith

SENATOR NYE, of the Oil Committee, has received from Governor Alfred E. Smith of New York a letter which appears to terminate the exchange between them, brought on by Nye's charge concerning Harry F. Sinclair's appointment to the New York Racing Commission and his alleged contribution to Smith campaign funds. In reply to Governor Smith's first letter, Senator Nye said that the Governor was doing what he could to undermine public confidence in the work of the Committee. To that statement, Governor Smith replied:

> You say that my letter to you is the first condemnation uttered by me of the oil scandals which has come to your notice. For your information, let me say that I spoke frequently throughout New York State and elsewhere in condemnation of the oil scandals in the campaign of 1924.
>
> It is an insult to the public intelligence for you to suggest that in order for you to accomplish the proper purposes of a Senate committee it is necessary for me to submit without resentment to a false and unjust statement from you. You made this misstatement, you admitted you made it, and you publicly stated that I had demonstrated its falsity. The next step for you to have taken was a letter of apology and not a tirade of abuse.

Cutting to Coolidge's Measure

MATERIALLY changed since it was vetoed by the President a year ago, the McNary-Haugen Farm Relief Bill has completed the first stage of its second journey to the White House. That is to say, it has emerged triumphantly from the committees of both houses and has a favorable status for final action by about the middle of April. Its sponsors claim that they have enough votes to pass it, and no opponent has controverted that claim.

The sponsors say that the bill has been revised to meet all objections set forth by President Coolidge except that to the equalization fee. Even the fee provision has been much changed. In the old bill it was mandatory on a few specified products. In the new bill it is permissive on all products. Before resorting to the equalization fee, the Federal Farm Board, set up by the bill, is required to exhaust the possibilities of stabilizing prices by means of loans to co-operatives. Advocates of the bill believe that these changes will meet the President's objections, at least to the extent that he will not again write a veto.

The House bill appropriates $400,000,000, the Senate bill only $250,000,000. This difference will probably be adjusted without difficulty.

"A Guess, When It Hits"—

THE number of jobless persons in the United States is only 1,874,050, according to the report made to the Senate by Secretary of Labor Davis. Even this number might have seemed large had not Senator Wagner written 4,000,000 into the resolution calling upon the Department of Labor for a survey and report.

But the report by the Secretary of Labor has not had the effect of reducing the figure in the minds of a number of Senators. Senator Simmons, of North Carolina, declared, after the report was submitted, that the number of unemployed approximates 5,000,000. Senator Simmons was provoked to this statement by Senator Smoot, of Utah, who made a speech full of praise for Republican prosperity.

Admittedly, the figure arrived at by the Department of Labor does not approach Census accuracy. One Senator not disposed to accept it as final described it as "a guess based on an estimate from a theoretical normal." The system followed by the Bureau of Labor Statistics, which did the work, was to take 1925 as a year of normal employment and estimate the present variance from conditions then obtaining. Fairly full statistics were available for industrial and railroad workers. Practically none were available for other kinds of workers, fully half of the whole number. The proportion of unemployment was assumed to be the same throughout. Thus the "theoretical normal," the "estimate," and the "guess."

At least one prominent employment expert outside of Government service has said that the figures submitted by Secretary Davis are probably substantially correct. The fact has been revealed, however, that the Government, with all of its statistical machinery, is not in position to furnish conclusive figures promptly.

Secretary Davis said that the employment situation is improving, and nobody appears disposed to deny that a considerable number of men who have been out of work are finding jobs. There are many, however, who attribute this wholly to seasonal and not at all to permanent activity.

The Navy Wins

THE annual Naval Supply Bill, carrying appropriations of $359,000,000, or $20,000,000 more than those for the current year, has passed the House without a record vote. It stipulates that the Navy is to be maintained at its present strength. It provides $1,800,000 for beginning work on two dirigibles previously authorized and stipulates that the total cost of the two is not to exceed $8,000,000. Other sums appropriated are: $48,000,000 for continuance of construction on cruisers and other craft previously authorized; $6,575,000 for modernization of battleships, including greater elevation of guns; approximately $31,500,000 for the Naval Bureau of Aeronautics.

The vessels already in process of construction for which the bill appropriates are eight 10,000-ton cruisers and two fleet submarines.

On the whole, Navy men are disposed to regard the measure as an exceptionally good supply bill, particularly as it applies to aviation. Rear-Admiral Moffett, Chief of the Naval Bureau of Aeronautics, said that it was the most important step yet taken by this country toward "its rightful place in the merchant marine of the air." He predicted that the building of the two rigid airships by the Navy "will undoubtedly lead in the near future to the construction of similar air liners and put the United States in a position to take its share in this new commercial field."

Unweighed Words

SENATOR BLAINE, of Wisconsin, is convicted of painting some things blacker than they are.

He was making a speech. Frequently he called for the attention of "the Senator from South Dakota."

Senator Norbeck, probably tired of interruption to his meditations, said:

"I don't see why the Senator from Wisconsin has to call on me to listen to every point which he thinks important."

Senator Blaine explained:

"I can't call on empty benches."

Those are the words of the Senator from Wisconsin which might create a false impression upon the public mind.

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Senator Norbeck was not the only other Senator in the chamber. Two others were sitting in their seats reading. Another was nearly out but still in, making for the cloak-room door. And still another was present perforce, being temporarily the presiding officer.

Senator Blaine did not have to address all of his remarks to Senator Norbeck. He could have split them three ways, possibly five. The total number of Senators in the chamber, including the speaker and the President *pro tem*, was six.

Death Enters the Ohio Primary

THE sudden death of Senator Frank B. Willis, of Ohio, will further complicate the already tangled Republican political situation. The Willis-Hoover contest for the Ohio delegation to the Republican National Convention now becomes a Lowden-Hoover fight. Thirty-one of the fifty-one candidates on the Willis slate had named Lowden as their second choice. Most of the remaining twenty were for Curtis or Dawes as second choice. Senator Willis's marvelous ability as a vote-getter in Ohio will be sorely missed, but his passing will not have the effect of giving the delegation to Hoover by default. All factors considered, it appears probable that Lowden will be able to get nearly as many Ohio delegates as Willis would have got had he lived.

To almost everybody except Senator Willis himself the Ohio contest has all along been one between Hoover and Lowden. Willis believed himself a real contender for the nomination. And, in some such way as Harding succeeded in 1920, Willis might have succeeded this year. His death will probably have the effect of making the race more clean-cut between Hoover and Lowden or, in the final phase of it, between Hoover and Dawes.

The death of Senator Willis will doubtless have the effect on the Senate of restoring the Democratic majority which was lost in the death of Senator Ferris, of Michigan. Senator Willis's Democratic successor will probably reach Washington not much, if at all, behind Senator Ferris's Republican successor.

A bulwark of the Anti-saloon League drys, Willis had an importance in the Senate out of proportion to any ability that he showed in framing or promoting legislation. Governor Donahey's appointee, though he will sit on the other side of the chamber, is likely to be as dry as Willis was.

Underwood & Underwood

MAKING HISTORY IN JAPAN

A workingman and a member of the professional class cast their ballots at the recent election in Japan, at which the working class voted for the first time in the history of the Empire

Windows on the World

By Malcolm W. Davis

"YES," Foreign Minister Briand, of France, has finally responded to Secretary Kellogg, of the Department of State, "let us join in asking all the Powers and nations of the world to unite in a treaty outlawing war."

Answering Mr. Kellogg's note of February 27, M. Briand has accepted—with some predictable reservations—the American proposal for a general pledge to renounce war as an instrument of national policy. And, since M. Briand conferred very fully at the League of Nations Council meeting in Geneva with representatives of the other Powers, his reply may reasonably be taken to represent the views of Great Britain, Germany, Italy, and Japan as well. That is to say, it is not simply a French diplomatic document, but an indication of the furthest advance practicable in the present stage of affairs in the world.

Briefly, M. Briand has set three conditions:

First, that nations retain the right of legitimate defense within the framework of existing treaties;

Second, that if one of the signatories violates the compact, the others regain full liberty of action;

Third, that the treaty shall come into effect only when all nations have signed it, unless the signatories agree to make it effective between themselves while some other nations abstain.

The first reservation is largely formal. No one would propose to abandon "the right of legitimate defense." Much ado is being made about the phrase "within the framework of existing treaties," to attempt to prove that France is seeking to exempt her alliances from the scope of the general treaty. But that seems to me quibbling nonsense. If a nation against whose possible aggression those alliances were made signs the treaty outlawing all war, the situation for which the alliances were devised is changed and all parties are concerned in any violation of the peace. And if it does not sign, then France and her allies are unhampered in case of an attack—for obviously the general treaty operates only between the parties to it.

If the agreement to renounce war creates greater security, France—feeling a need of assurance of security more

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acutely than any other Great Power—can be relied upon to back it.

Similarly, the proposal to wait until all nations sign is not vital—for France herself, in making it, agrees to waive it if the signatories so decide.

The real point is in the provision that in case of violation of the pledge by any nation, the others regain their right to act as they see fit. That clearly—and rightly, it seems to me—is intended to free members of the League of Nations to make good their promises under its Covenant. Some congenitally fearful isolationists are already saying that the scheme is a dangerous plot to get the United States identified with the League, because it would create a strong moral obligation to do something about a breach of the peace. And they are all against obligations to do anything. But the plan leaves the United States entirely free to choose its own course. It in no way compels us to act with the League. And the moral obligation exists implicitly in the very proposal made by Secretary Kellogg.

Does any American assume that Uncle Sam would offer to make a world-wide treaty outlawing war, and then—if one party to it should violate it and attack another—do nothing except, perhaps, refuse to speak to the aggressor on the international highways?

SENATOR BORAH is quoted as being strongly in favor of the Kellogg treaty plan to bind the nations not to resort to war. It must be pleasing to organization Republicans to have this chance of bringing the Idaho maverick back into the herd in this campaign year. But why shouldn't he like the plan? What public man in Washington originally sponsored the idea of outlawing war? Is there any answer except Borah?

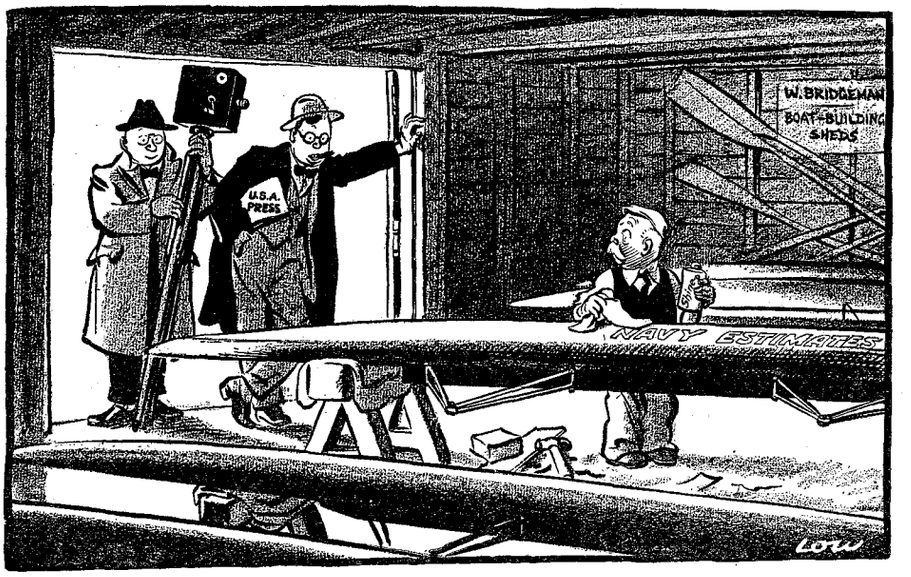
ELECTIONS are the vogue all around the world this year. As we prepare for our own Presidential campaign, Japan has just held her first elections under general suffrage and come through with the Government party barely able to hold control in an almost deadlocked Parliament; Poland and Portugal have seen balloting which left undisturbed their dictators, Marshal Pilsudski and General Carmona; and France and Germany are getting ready to go to the polls.

The last general elections in France and Germany took place under the influence of the after-effects of Poincaré's occupation of the Ruhr Valley in Germany and before the Dawes Committee had devised its reparations program. In France the trend was toward the liberalism of Herriot; in Germany it was divided between reactionary nationalism and extreme radicalism. The next German elections, held after the Dawes Plan went into effect, showed a tendency to return to a sane moderation of policy, while in French politics there came a swing back to the National Union coalition under Poincaré. This year, standing for a policy of economic rehabilitation, he is again the center of the French campaign. But so far as international relations are concerned, Briand has created the issues with his Locarno policy of reconciliation, and the talk of Poincaré in France and of Marx and Stresemann in Germany is chiefly of disarmament and European reconstruction. It will be enlightening to observe the effect of this altered state of affairs on the parliamentary majorities.

Any Pole who can understand the results of the recent elections in his country is fortunate; no one but a native could. It resulted in an increase of political parties and groups represented in the Parliament from twenty-one to thirty-three. The one clear fact seems to be a weakening of the conservative factions opposed to Dictator Pilsudski and a strengthening of the Socialists and radical peasants. Among these scattered blocks he seeks to maintain his majority. Yet the influence of his own organization and his personal prestige were not enough to secure the election of his candidate for Speaker.

In Portugal elections just held have technically legalized, by a large vote, the rule of General Carmona, set up in 1926 by force. No other result was expected.

From the Evening Standard (London)



Willie: "Boat-race? Wot boat-race? I never 'eard of no boat-race. W'y the idea's unthinkable"

TO AMERICANS it is interesting to note that, under a Cabinet decision, no political campaign speeches are to be broadcast by wireless in Germany. The argument is that certain financially well situated parties could monopolize the stations. The law governing the radio services says, "Radio must never serve any special political party." What would Will Hays say to such an idea?

IS Mexico going dry? Prohibition has become an active issue in Mexican politics. General Obregon, formerly President and the only candidate for election to succeed President Calles in this year's campaign, has made the principle a part of his platform in an attack on "reactionism and Catholicism." In declaring this position he said:

"Reactionaries who would overthrow the Revolution are not our only enemies. They have powerful allies in alcohol and gambling.

"Reaction is our principal enemy. Alcohol is its most formidable ally.

"We must show that public opinion arraigns as accused at the bar of justice all those who encourage the consumption of alcohol, since it atrophies mental faculties and morals and destroys the social order. Alcohol is a cancer we must fight in order to extirpate it from the Mexican family."

The news of this stand of the prospective next occupant of the executive castle at Chapultepec may be expected to cause as much excitement in Texas as in Mexico itself.

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If You Want Conversation, Say "Al Smith"

By DUNCAN AIKMAN

Mr. Aikman has been traveling northward from his home in Texas. He seems to be certain of one thing, as a result of his observations in the Solid South: if you want conversation, say "Al Smith."

ONE traveling the Solid South from El Paso to Alexandria and observing it more or less politically is struck, not by a political, but by a personal factor. To Fundamentalists and Modernists, laymen and politicians, to the well-to-do and to "crackers," to men of Confederate traditions and youngsters of the new school with their rather ostentatious disdain for old-fashioned professional Southernism, the most interesting individual in the Democratic Party since William Jennings Bryan is obviously Governor Alfred E. Smith, of New York.

Southerners may praise him for his record and his stand on contemporary issues. They may condemn him with an almost evangelical fervor and broadcast a hair-raising folk-lore about his connections, antecedents, and personal habits; or they may refer to him with expressions of studied indifference. But whether it is in a smoking compartment in Texas, an open saloon in the rising artistic quarter of New Orleans, the house of a Georgia Baptist church treasurer casting up his accounts on Sunday afternoon, the faculty sets of Southern State universities, or a pleasant country tavern on a Blue Ridge road near Lynchburg, the one thing Southern conversation demands is a discussion of Smith and his chances.

HOW much does this constant discussion tell of how the South feels toward Smith?

This is, of course, still a problem for guessers, and any answer is bound to reflect one's personal encounters rather than the absolute balances of the situation. When, as happened to me recently, two men of superior intelligence and political experience who have observed Mississippi politics from inside vantage-points for nearly twenty years disagree positively as to whether the State can be held for the Democrats if Smith should be nominated, expertness is obviously not for traveling observers. When an anti-Smith Klan leader entertains no hope of breaking the Solid South except in occasionally Republican Tennessee, while, on the other hand, a prominent National leader in the party from the South who has little objection to Smith as a candidate confesses that it would be as much as his political career was worth to support him even after nomination, the business of analyzing offers as many perils as prophecy during an average nine-candidate primary in Texas.

Perhaps the best way to begin is with the avowed Smith supporters. They are certainly more outspoken and fluent, and probably more numerous than they were four years ago when Mr. McAdoo was still an active candidate, and they have their say more frequently than even a year ago. But when all this is admitted, the Smith partisans appear to spring almost entirely from three classes which in the South are noticeably exotic. Except in Louisiana, which is an exotic State from the Southern standpoint, they are either avowed wets who resent prohibition, or young Southerners of some intellectual pretensions rather eager to show the world that they have been emancipated from the traditional sectional prejudices, or elderly men and women with the ante-bellum view-point which harks back to Tammany's services to the South in reconstruction and force bill days and who remember reverently the time when the South was famous for mint juleps and proud of it. While such advocates state their cases plausibly and as a rule are listened to with respect, and while they are often personally and financially influential, it would be hard to find the Southern community, large or small, outside of one or two seaport cities, where these elements are in a majority or even a serious factor in political balances.

The obvious suggestion from this is that, however slack the South may be in prohibition observance and however much the Ku Klux Klan may have fallen into disrepute since 1924 in most localities, the Southern majority—always excepting Louisiana—is opposed to Governor Smith's nomination on familiar grounds. Different individuals rationalize this opposition differently, and often with curious inconsistencies. I have heard Klansmen and even Klan leaders insist that Governor Smith's religious affiliations have nothing to do with it, but that certain horrors of Tammany rule in New York—confidentially communicated and mainly legendary scandals which make Governor Smith play the rôle of a second Tweed—stamp him as an impossible candidate. On the other hand, I have heard men of more than one university degree and some standing as local intellectuals frankly insist, with citations from history, that the objections to a Catholic President are valid. I have heard at least one Southern writer of regional consequence grow indignant on the theme that, while Smith's religion, Tammany connections, and prohibition views might pass muster, the South should not, for its dignity's sake, accept any candidate merely to escape accusations of bigotry. I have heard the Governor's alleged personal mannerisms and sidewalks-of-New York accent brought into question as sufficient grounds for rejecting him. Finally, at least one Southern Governor informed me that he would oppose a Smith nomination on the floor at Houston on the interesting ground that any man who has run 1,000,000 votes ahead of his ticket in a State election must be a traitor to his party!

The upshot of all these grievances seems to be that the South suspects Smith of belonging to an alien culture which it cannot understand and from which it cannot comfortably expect understanding. However superficial, frivolous, and even self-misleading may be some of the expressions of this largely inarticulate view, it is a practical question today, if in a preferential primary Smith could carry a single Southern State against the weight of it.

WHETHER Governor Smith could be made acceptable to the South, once he got the nomination, is a somewhat different question, involving more

(*Please turn to continuation, page 600*)

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The Red Herring Across the Oil Trail

OIL as a subject of crimination and recrimination is by no means new. What is new is evidence that oil transactions between Governmental officials and representatives of producing corporations have been tainted with fraud and connected with party financing. To contend that a policy concerning oil on the public domain is contrary to the public interest is one thing. It is quite another to show that in specific cases the relation between trustees of the public domain and representatives of the oil industry have been furtive and in some instances corrupt.

Twelve years ago Gifford Pinchot addressed a letter to Franklin K. Lane, then President Wilson's Secretary of the Interior, charging him with following a policy ruinous to the preservation of the country's natural resources and specifically ruinous to the Naval Oil Reserves. He charged that the Church-Walsh Bill (sponsored in the Senate by the present Senator from Montana, Thomas J. Walsh) and another bill as amended concerning oil lands would have compelled the Secretary of the Interior to lease land to trespassers even upon the Naval Oil Reserves, and that the substance of them combined in the so-called "Phelan Amendment" was favored and supported by Secretary Lane. It is a matter of record that it was an amendment to the Naval Appropriation Act of 1920 which was asked for by President Wilson's Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Daniels, that authorized the leasing of the Naval Oil Reserves. This whole question of leasing of oil lands was therefore at that time a subject of bitter controversy and the basis of serious charges. The policy that the custodians of the public lands then pursued seemed to many believers in conservation to be a serious mistake.

Then came the Harding Administration. Oil wells driven under Governmental authority already granted were believed to be menacing the oil in the Reserves. Should the Naval Reserve oil be left in the ground and in danger of being drained away by outside wells, or should it be taken out at once and stored for the Navy? There was room for argument on both sides. Conservationists who believed that the oil should never have been put into danger had now reason to believe that, since the oil had been put into danger, it had better be taken out on the best terms procurable.

Here was a question of policy running through the Wilson and Harding Administratons on which honest men differed. It does not appear that it ever was a subject of general Cabinet discussion in the Wilson Administration; and it is known from a statement by Mr. Hughes that it was not a subject of general Cabinet discussion in the Harding Administration.

To confuse this issue of policy with the deals between Fall and Doheny and Sinclair and with the receipt of party contributions from the beneficiaries of those deals and with the concealment of such contributions is to draw a red herring across the trail.

Yet that is precisely the effect of an effort to drag into the investigation into corruption, legal or illegal, the names of men who had no part in the oil-land leases or in the contributions of money to individuals or to party funds nor any knowledge of them. That is what Senator Robinson did in mentioning the names of the late Secretary Lane and former Secretary Daniels. That is what the unnamed Republicans quoted by Mr. Merritt last week in The Outlook did in their references to former Secretary Hughes. That is what others have done in their references to Secretary Hoover. Upright public servants have no protection against such aspersions except the confidence of the public. To confuse the public mind in this way is to wrong individuals; but it is still more to wrong the public itself; for it is to raise a smoke screen to hide the culprits and the evil they have done.

Progress of The Outlook Prohibition Poll

A THOUSAND additional returns from The Outlook's prohibition poll have been received and analyzed since last week's issue. There is no marked change in the general results, save a tendency towards increased dryness, as the votes from the smaller towns and country districts are added to the total figures.

To the query, Is all drinking of intoxicating beverages morally wrong? 23.1 per cent of men under forty-five answer "yes;" 74.7 per cent answer "no;" 2.2 per cent do not answer. To the same query 33.1 per cent of the men over forty-five answer "yes;" 62.6 per cent answer "no;" and 4.3 per cent do not answer. Of women under forty-five, 43.5 per cent answer "yes;" 53.7 per cent answer "no;" 2.8 per cent do not answer. Of women over forty-five, 53.9 per cent answer "yes;" 40.6 per cent answer "no;" 5.5 per cent do not answer.

Originally 67.5 per cent of the younger men were in favor of the Eighteenth Amendment. But those now in favor are only 58 per cent. Of men over forty-five, 77.4 per cent were originally in favor of the Eighteenth Amendment, and that figure has dropped to 73.7 per cent. No such marked changes in opinion have occurred among the groups of women.

In estimating the attitude of their several communities on the question of home-brewing, we find that, while 44.8 per cent of the younger men vote that they are personally opposed to it and of the older men 65.5 per cent are personally opposed to it, only 27.2 per cent of the younger men state that their communities are opposed to it and 46.4 per cent of the older men find that their communities are opposed to it; 65.8 of the younger women are personally opposed to home-brewing and 81.7 per cent of the older women are personally opposed to it. These two groups, respectively, report that 34.3 per cent and 52.4 per cent of their communities are in opposition to home-brewing.

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For the answer to the difference between the younger and older voters two explanations have been offered. First, that the younger groups are more interested in individual liberty of action than the older; second, that the older group are much more familiar with the workings of the saloon. That this second explanation contains large elements of truth is confirmed by the hundreds of letters which have accompanied the returned ballots. Summed up, these letters say: We have seen the saloon in action. Thank you, we will have no more of it in ours.

The Morrow Way Wins

IN settling the oil controversy with Mexico, Ambassador Morrow has solved the most troublesome problem in the Latin-American relations of the United States. He has found the way out of a deadlock that has estranged the two countries for ten years.

The dispute, which brought the two Governments to the verge of an open break last year, arose out of the new Mexican Constitution of 1917. That document, marking the end of a period of national revolution, nationalized the land and the subsoil resources. The laws subsequently passed to give effect to this principle as regards petroleum required, among other things, confirmation of property titles previously acquired, and provided for a limitation of concessions to a term of fifty years. Foreign oil companies—and in the forefront those of the United States—attacked this legislation as confiscatory.

The long controversy that ensued was ended last November when the Mexican Supreme Court declared the articles of the Petroleum Law embodying these provisions unconstitutional. The Court held that confirmation of a right means to recognize its whole extent, and that limitation of it is to modify and not to confirm it. The Mexican Congress amended the petroleum statute in accordance with the Court's ruling, and now—after many conferences with Ambassador Morrow—President Calles has signed new oil regulations acceptable to the Government at Washington. They provide for confirmation of titles acquired prior to the new Constitution without limitation of time.

Further, General Obregon—predecessor of President Calles and his probable successor in office—has announced his approval of the new arrangement as beneficial to both Mexico and the United States.

Ambassador Morrow has emphasized the fact that this is "a voluntary act of the Republic of Mexico." The great element of his achievement—significant for our other Latin-American relations—is that he has attained it in the spirit of that full recognition of Mexican sovereignty which he announced upon arrival at his post.

Obviously, Mexico's decision is not unrelated to her own economic concerns. One effect of the oil dispute and the uncertainty of the industry has been to cut down petroleum production. That in turn has seriously reduced the revenue of the Mexican Government from its oil export tax. In consequence, Mexico has had to plead that she could not meet the terms of the agreement she made in 1925 with the International Committee of Bankers dealing with her foreign debt of some $500,000,000. That agreement provided for full service of the debt in 1928, which would have meant payments of $35,000,000, or $10,000,000 more than Mexico paid last year. President Calles used the extraordinary powers granted to him to authorize the payment of $16,000,000, all that he felt Mexico could afford. The debt agreement lapsed. And a committee of bankers has been in Mexico to study the conditions determining the country's capacity to pay.

Revival of the oil tax revenue is essential to any new program of debt settlement. Hence it is not surprising that upon receipt of news of the oil agreement Mexican Government bonds as well as oil stocks began to gain value in the exchange markets. The way is probably open now to a workable arrangement for dealing with Mexico's heavy external obligations.

Both "die-hard" advocates of some of the irreconcilable oil interests and incorrigible pleaders of the cause of irresponsible liberalism will undoubtedly criticise and deride the Calles-Morrow accord. But two points are important to keep in mind. First, it represents a concession by Mexico of something real in the interest of better relations. Second, it constitutes a vindication of that method of direct, frank, and friendly discussion which Ambassador Morrow has inaugurated and which holds the one practical hope of progressive solution of other difficulties in Latin America.

What the Shooting Is About

MACHINE guns stutter, bombs burst in the air—and around the homes of judges and United States Senators—as Republican primary day draws near in Chicago. And, one is tempted to ask, what of it? Big Bill Thompson promised a wide-open city if he were elected; and he has kept his word. The present racket is only a little louder than the three-year warfare that has resulted in the death of 32 policemen and 143 gangsters; it is merely the intensification of fire that precedes the successful assault.

And success at the polls in Chicago is not an empty word. The second city in the United States has an annual budget of about $350,000,000. A fancy figure, but not more tempting than the profits of protection. Since prohibition, it has been estimated by a New York "World" correspondent, Chicago's 7,000 saloons have become 15,000 beer flats and speak-easies. They must pay for protection. So must the uncountable gambling joints and houses of prostitution. If they do not, a euphemistic fate awaits them. They are "taken for a ride." It is a last ride, but not the kind that Browning wrote about.

Politics is not for the tender-minded in Chicago.

And the good citizens of the city? They are praying for divine aid. So far they have not been answered, and now they are broadcasting their plight and asking us all to go down on our knees for them.

Well, first we should like to see a sample Chicago prayer. It is not easy to phrase a prayer that does not ask God to do what we should do ourselves. We have not seen one of Big Bill's new American histories, but the old ones taught us that the breed of pioneers took their rifles to prayer-meeting.

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Will Hays—Supervisor of Morals

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

THE story of how Will Hays became Czar of the Silver Screen —Official Fixer, if you like, for the motion-picture industry—is so replete with sentiment that it might well be told in scenario form. The prospect of at least $100,000 a year did not, we are told, lure Mr. Hays from the Harding Cabinet. Nor did he, as some have unkindly hinted, take the job to boost his own Presidential aspirations.

It was late in 1921 that a number of movie magnates waited upon Mr. Hays, then Postmaster-General of the United States, to tell him their tale of woe. All was not well in the motion-picture industry, they said. It did not appear to have the confidence of the public. Every one was hurling maledictions upon it. Unless something was done, and that very quickly, ruin might overwhelm the producers and a great art and educational force might be lost to mankind. Would not Mr. Hays use his gifts to save the Silent Drama?

Mr. Hays, it is said, was not greatly interested. He said that he was not inclined to accept their offer, but that he would think it over. And then, a few weeks later, he journeyed to his home at Sullivan, Indiana, for the Christmas holidays. While he was there an incident occurred which led Mr. Hays to change his mind. Let him tell of it in his own words, as officially on file in the archives of his organization:

> It was Christmas time, and I took with me some cowboy suits for my boy Bill, then aged six, and his two cousins, aged five and eight. But did they begin playing Wild West as I anticipated they would? They did not. They immediately began to act the latest Bill Hart movie they had seen.
>
> A new vision of the motion pictures came to me. I saw them not only from the view-point of men who have millions of dollars invested, but from the view-point of the fathers and mothers in America who have millions of children invested.

It was thus, shaken by emotion and a lust for service, that Mr. Hays took the job—at a salary of $100,000 a year. His purpose, he said in an inaugural statement in March of 1922, was that of "attaining and maintaining, for the motion-picture industry, a high educational, moral, and business plane." The watchwords, he said, were "Confidence and Co-operation." There must be a "coalesced industry." He proposed "to make a happy family of the motion-picture people and their patrons." There must be "confidence and co-operation between the industry and the public."

"I thank God," he said, "that the day has passed in this country when any one can sell a gold brick to the people."

"Above all," he added, "is our duty to youth. We must have toward that sacred thing, the mind of a child, toward that clean and virgin thing, that unmarked slate—we must have toward that the same sense of responsibility, the same care about the impression made upon it, that the best teacher or the best clergyman, the most inspired teacher of youth, would have."

HAYS has enormous influence, although he denies this and says that embargoes against plays and books are enforced solely through "co-operation" regarding what appears on the screen. He supervises, in this way, the morals, not only of millions of Americans, but of people in nearly every other part of the world. And he is, as far as I am able to learn, very little interested in the motion picture itself, in books, in plays, in any other form of art. The producers for whom he is spokesman receive, as far as he is concerned, slight encouragement in their occasional, but sometimes amazingly successful, attempts to produce pictures that are really worth while. I doubt that Hays has ever pondered the vast possibilities inherent in motion pictures. He is quite untouched by such matters, for they are not, as he sees it, part of his job.

His zeal in barring extreme salaciousness is based on the universal motion-picture terror of further censorship, Federal or State. He was hired—hokum aside—to block additional Government supervision, to tame radical spirits among the producers, to prevent trade practices which cause expensive litigation, to use his influence as an important politician of the party in power, and, it is said, to prevent the Actors' Equity Association from organizing motion-picture actors and extras.

WILL HAYS has done all these things, and has earned thereby the gratitude of his employers. It cannot be denied, of course, that his position today is less Olympian than before a Senate committee asked so many embarrassing questions concerning the donations of Harry F. Sinclair. Even the New York "Herald Tribune" has editorially remarked that Hays's "evasion of the law and the truth has been deplorable." Under the caption, "The Man Who Tamed Hollywood," the Detroit "News" published a cartoon showing a short-skirted flapper labeled "The Movies" and a battered replica of Will Hays. His coat is torn, his collar awry. His hat is a wreck.

"Well, Mr. Hays," the pert young woman is remarking, "they must have thrown quite a rough party in Hollywood."

But no matter how much he may be criticised, Mr. Hays will continue, beyond much doubt, to be Czar of the Movies and official arbiter of screen morals. His new contract, increasing his compensation to $150,000, was negotiated only two years ago and runs to 1936. It is signed, or so the story goes, not only by the officers of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc., but also by many of the important movie magnates as individuals. Each, therefore, is personally liable.

It is possible, of course, that Mr. Hays may find it more difficult in the future to talk unendingly about "confidence and co-operation." The public-at-large may be slightly less inclined to listen to his speeches on the purely altruistic purposes of the industry, on its honor and noble aims. Although no word of it ever reaches the newspapers, a few producers in the Hays organization are resentful of his methods, and it is possible that one of these will defy his embargoes. His work may, in brief, be complicated by new difficulties. But Will Hays will remain the slightly soiled dress shirt of the industry.

Will Hays is explainable only in light of the fact that he was born of the Indiana political system; a system bitter in its practicality, bitter in its competition

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Will H. Hays

and hostilities, and smooth in its well-oiled (the phrase has no reference to Teapot Dome) efficiency. The fairies who hovered over the cradle of the infant Will endowed him with vast energy, sharpness, and a capacity, unusual even among those destined for the political game, for underestimating the public intelligence.

HIS political life started when he attained his majority, in 1900. He was admitted to the bar in that year, and served as precinct committeeman for the Republican organization of Sullivan. During the next decade, having formed a law partnership with his brother, he held various State and county political posts, and from 1910 to 1913 was city attorney for his home town. In 1914 he became State chairman, and in 1918, so swift was his rise, Chairman of the Republican National Committee. In that capacity he campaigned actively for the election of a Republican Congress to confound the growing and perilous internationalism of Woodrow Wilson. His energy was tremendous. He spent fifty-nine consecutive nights on Pullman cars, and his fame as a go-getting and exceedingly smart young hustler spread far and wide.

He has always shown, whether he realizes it or not, vast contempt for the public intelligence. The G. O. P. saw in 1919 that victory was fairly certain to rest on its banners in the approaching Presidential campaign. And Will Hays was soon holding forth on the "revived spirit of fervent Americanism which is the glorified result of our experience of fire and blood." He sounded, too, a new slogan of Republicanism: "Live and help live." This was followed out to the letter in the years that followed, but with dubious judgment regarding those aided. Among other glowing statements made by Hays in 1919 and 1920 were:

> "With a vision of the country's mission and with the highest sense of justice for all men, Republicans will keep their eyes always ahead, but will keep their feet always on solid ground."
>
> "If a political party does not stand for those things which will bear the severest scrutiny, it is not entitled to success and will not endure."
>
> "There is no zone of twilight in politics or public affairs. Right is right, wrong is wrong, and the same strict standards of morals, equity, and justice must obtain as in any private business or professional matter."
>
> "We fight for the faith of the fathers of our Republic—for the perpetual freedom of the sons and daughters of America. This election far transcends any partisan affair. There will be new glory for the Stars and Stripes on the morning of November 3."
>
> "The supreme motive of the Republican Party is honest, unselfish, patriotic, and intelligent effort to promote and safeguard the best interests of the Republic and its citizens."
>
> "I know nothing of subterfuge in politics."

I HAVE, however, no desire to embarrass Mr. Hays by quoting further from his idealistic speeches. The predicament in which he has found himself within recent weeks was due, primarily, to a mistake he made in organizing the financial details of the 1920 campaign. And this, like everything else which has motivated him, was done with the "best intentions." He announced that no contribution of "more than $1,000 would be accepted," and that all checks larger than this would be returned. Mr. Hays resented, he made it clear, insinuations that the G. O. P. campaign chests were normally filled by representatives of big business seeking favors. He proposed to show that the widow's mite was just as acceptable. It has since been revealed that Albert D. Lasker, later made Chairman of the Shipping Board by President Harding, was successful in forcing a $25,000 gift—"made in cash because politicians seem to prefer it that way"—down the throats of the Committee. This contribution did not appear on the party books, and came to light only through Senator Walsh's questioning. Many G. O. P. supporters may, however, have taken the $1,000 limitation seriously. At all events, there was a whacking deficit after Mr. Harding had moved into the White House.

It was inevitable that Mr. Hays should be chosen for Harding's Cabinet, there to sit with Messrs. Fall, Denby, and Daugherty. And it was eminently fitting that his post should be that of Postmaster-General. No other Cabinet member needs political training as does this one, and Hays was a huge success. He did, in fact, speed up the post

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office service, and a grateful Nation applauded. The movie barons were among those stunned by his genius, and so he escaped from the Cabinet before the oil scandals broke.

NOTHING, I am sure, could have been further from the thoughts of Will Hays in 1923 than politics. As President of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc., he was engaged in reforming Hollywood and in perfecting plans whereby the churches, the press, the schools, and all other factors of American life were to give their support. He had taken magnificent offices on Fifth Avenue. Discreet secretaries surrounded him. The stenographers and other lady employees seemed to have been imported from Hollywood, so beautiful were they. Etchings on the walls added to the restful and refined atmosphere of the reception-rooms. Visitors calling upon him were constantly impressed by his nonchalant instructions to "get Mr. Lasky at Hollywood for me, please." He was a long-distance telephone addict, and a call to Chicago or the Pacific coast meant no more to him than one to Brooklyn by a resident of Manhattan.

Mr. Hays was not, though, a man to shrink from responsibility. He listened when Republican leaders came and lugubriously reminded him that a large deficit still existed on the party books. One or two cruder fellows were nasty enough to point out that it was all his fault; that he had conceived the idea of limiting contributions to $1,000, and had spent entirely too much money when it had been obvious that Harding would win even on the smallest of budgets. Thus aroused, Will Hays went to his friend Harry F. Sinclair. Knowing nothing of the oil leases at the time, he had consented to receive $260,000 from the capitalist.

This was not, however, the first story told by Mr. Hays when, in 1924, the Senate Committee first got on the trail of gifts by Sinclair. He then said it was grotesque to imagine that Sinclair could have given a large sum. Ridiculous! The "most he could possibly have given" was $75,000. Four years afterwards the trail of oil became more clear. Again Hays was called to Washington, and this time he admitted that Sinclair had turned over $260,000 in Liberty Bonds. How, asked Mr. Walsh, did he reconcile this admission with the earlier one that only $75,000 had been given? Well, said Hays, he had not been asked about *bonds*. But had not the original $75,000 also been in bonds? Well, yes, but only that much of the $260,000 total had been a gift. The rest was merely a loan.

THE details of how Hays used the Sinclair bonds to force contributions from Secretary of the Treasury Mellon and from others have been told and retold. The story will be the theme of Democratic campaign orations for years to come. Stripped of its many complexities, the scheme was to give or offer blocks of Sinclair bonds to prominent men and receive, in return, the equivalent in cash. This enabled the Republican Committee to keep its books clear of excessive Sinclair donations, which might look queer because of Teapot Dome. The plan is certainly interesting for those who desire to understand Will Hays. One recalls his statements to the effect that "right is right, wrong is wrong," "I know nothing of subterfuge in politics," "if a political party does not stand for those things which will bear the closest scrutiny, it is not entitled to success."

Nothing of all this, it will be recalled, had come to light when Mr. Hays was summoned from the Post Office Department in 1922 to inject respectability into the movies. I do not question, of course, that three small boys and their cowboy suits persuaded Mr. Hays, as I outlined at the beginning, to take the job. But there are, too, other fascinating details behind the negotiations, and these are set forth by Mr. Terry Ramsaye in his scholarly work on the history of motion pictures, "A Million and One Nights." The book was written without the co-operation of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc., and it is said that Mr. Hays believes the attitude of Mr. Ramsaye was none too friendly. The facts have not, however, been contradicted.

THE connection of Will Hays with the silver screen really dates from 1919. As Republican National Chairman, he was looking ahead to 1920, and was anxious to see that the G. O. P. Presidential candidate, whoever he might be, received fair treatment in the news reels. Thus engaged, he met an old buddy, Charles C. Pettijohn. Mr. Pettijohn, although a Democrat and former henchman of Tom Taggart, had long been a friend of Hays. He had later come East to act as counsel for several motion-picture producers, and he assisted his fellow-Hoosierite in meeting the important ones. The producers, Mr. Ramsay relates, were very much impressed by the Republican Chairman. Particularly was this true after he had swept Mr. Harding into office, and they pleaded with him to get into their game. Hays was going to Washington, and declined.

Then came the Fatty Arbuckle case and other unpleasant incidents. Federal censorship loomed closer, and the producers decided that they needed a Landis, whose reputation for honesty had cleared the baseball industry. At this point, Mr. Ramsaye declares, Pettijohn whispered that Hays was the man for the job. The producers felt that he was, indeed. Hays took office in March of 1922, and Mr. Pettijohn joined the organization as chief aide.

The energetic Hoosierite at once began battle against State censorship. He is credited, having been assisted by Pettijohn, with having blocked supervision in the State of Massachusetts. Those agitating for Federal control seemed to lose interest in their struggle. While so engaged Hays also informed the producers that they must, as the phrase is, "clean house." Some were inclined, he told them, to step beyond the bounds of propriety. This must stop! It is this rôle of supervisor of morals which gives Hays greatest importance. Censorship does not exist as such, of course, in his organization. Purity of the screen is achieved through what is known as "the Hays formula." Under this any producer must send any questionable book, play, or story offered him to Mr. Hays. If the Czar or his assistants believe that the public good demands suppression, it is barred. Notice to that effect is sent to all the members of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc., who comprise about ninety per cent of the industry and who control, not only nearly all production, but, through the theaters owned, much of the exhibition of films as well.

MORE than two hundred plays and books, Mr. Hays has boasted, have been forbidden through the smooth operation of the formula. The purpose of his organization is to "prevent the prevalent type of book and play from becoming the prevalent type of motion picture." In line with this a long list of "don'ts" and "be carefuls" have been drafted for the guidance of producers. Were all of these followed to the letter, not a single picture could be released. They are, however, violated all the time.

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The Truth About Ultra-Violet Rays

By MORRIS FISHBEIN, M.D.

"Here," says Dr. Fishbein, "is a modern discovery . . . with vast powers for good, with some powers for harm, with remarkable interest." Like all new discoveries, it is not neglected by the quacks, and devices are being sold without regard to scientific fact or to the dangers of a ray whose fine potentialities are still unknown to scientists. The writer is editor of the "Journal of the American Medical Association."

LONG before the time of the scientific study of light by the physicists, medical and other scientists had discovered healing virtues in the sun's rays. Even Hippocrates had remarked concerning these qualities. Greek and Roman homes had their solaria; the early Germans used sunlight for the treatment of fevers in children; Antyllus, the Roman surgeon, treated rickets by massage in the sunlight.

When sunlight passes through a prism, it breaks up into rays of varying wave-lengths. So important are fine measurements of these wave-lengths that the system of measurement used chiefly calls for division of a millimeter—one thousandth of a meter, which is itself only a little over three feet—into ten million parts. This unit is called an Angstrom unit, after the physicist who first used it. For practical purposes of this discussion the spectrum is divided into three main portions: the infra-red or invisible heat rays, which include the area from 1,100 to 800 Angstrom units; the visible rays, from 800 to 400 units; and beyond these the invisible short rays, from 400 to 100, or the ultra-violet rays.

Already study of the ultra-violet area has been so intense that it is still further subdivided, the division depending on the amount of the rays that get through various types of screens or glasses, such as window glass, Jena glass, quartz glass, fluorspar, and similar substances.

The sources of ultra-violet rays are numerous, but in general three main sources may be considered for practical discussion: the sun, the carbon arc, and the quartz-mercury arc. All artificial light contains some ultra-violet. The common gas mantle gives but little; the tungsten filament in ordinary glass bulbs gives a weak radiation; the carbon arc produces strong ultra-violet from the upper end of the spectrum and less from the lower end. The mercury arc in a quartz tube produces strong ultra-violet rays from 397 down to 230 and weaker lines from 230 down to 185, which is its limit.

As modern research is carried on in any scientific field, thousands of small experiments are made in many places, each yielding isolated facts. These facts when assembled lead to broad general conclusions. Thus insulin was the outgrowth of hundreds of years of study of diabetes by workers all over the world. Thousands of experiments have been made as to the effects of light on living tissues. Exposure to light is associated with differentiation of specialized cells in living organisms. The cells in the human body are highly specialized, including, for instance, the eye, the nervous system, the organs of special senses generally. Light has a way of retarding the growth of plants, but plants cannot grow and develop properly in total darkness. The combination of these two observations permits the growing of bleached celery, which is more tender, sweeter, and more succulent than unbleached celery. Hens exposed daily to ultra-violet rays for ten minutes have been known to lay four times as many eggs. The egg yolks from hens that have been irradiated have ten times as much power to prevent rickets in experimental animals than egg yolks from hens not irradiated. Children with tetany or spasmophilia, a form of convulsive disorder, have small amounts of calcium in the blood, compared with normal children. Treatment with irradiation increases the amount of the calcium and leads to a disappearance of the spasmophilia. The nervous tissue is the most highly specialized and differentiated of all of the tissues in the body. A competent biologist asserts that many signs of unstable nervous systems in human beings will disappear when ultra-violet has been brought properly into the home.

Rickets is practically unknown in the tropics, where the sun's rays are sufficient to provide plenty of ultra-violet; the disease is common in northern areas where children do not receive ultra-violet. Rickets can be prevented by the giving of cod-liver oil, which contains large amounts of vitamin D, the rickets-preventing vitamin. The tissues contain large amounts of a substance known as cholesterol. Associated with this is another substance known as ergosterol. When ergosterol is irradiated with ultra-violet, the vitamin D is formed. When infants are irradiated with ultra-violet, rickets fail to appear. Vitamin D is, however, only one of the vitamins. Vitamin C in the diet prevents scurvy. Vitamin B in the diet is related to the prevention of some intestinal disturbances, to the prevention of polyneuritis and similar disorders. Vitamin A is associated with some disturbances of the eyes. The irradiation prevents the rickets, but does not prevent the other conditions mentioned when the diets are deficient in the necessary vitamins. However, it is not necessary to irradiate the infant directly. It has been found that many food substances may be irradiated and thereby develop the anti-rickets power.

Some germs cannot live in the presence of the sun's rays. Tubercle germs are destroyed by any intense source of ultra-violet. In fact, practically all of the common dangerous germs may be killed by direct exposure to ultra-violet rays. However, the rays have difficulty in penetrating deeply. One authority is convinced that solar disinfection is responsible in great measure for the natural sanitation of our planet. "As a public health measure the use of light in the sterilization of water and milk, in the treatment of diphtheria carriers, and in the sterilization of anthrax spore-bearing materials is of increasing importance," he says. "In the realm of commerce the use of artificial light as a germicide will be of vast economic importance, especially in the control of external animal and plant infections and in the sterilization of contaminated fluids. As we learn more about light, phototherapy in the treatment of infected wounds and of blood infections will become a useful aid."

When the skin is exposed to rays of heat, it becomes red; this redness disappears quickly. When the skin is exposed to ultra-violet rays, there is no redness for a few hours. Then it becomes red, and the redness lingers. Eventually the skin peels and in time tends to become brown or pigmented.

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The eye is a highly differentiated group of tissues. Exposure to the short rays of light brings about serious changes. Hence those exposed to ultra-violet rays wear brown glasses, which filter out the dangerous rays. The nervous system is apparently benefited by exposure to the rays and many observers report that people feel invigorated after general irradiation of the body. On the other hand, marked over-exposures are followed by exhaustion, chills, and low blood-pressures. The skin, once thought to be merely a protective covering of the human body, with the sole purpose perhaps of holding everything in, is now conceived to be one of the most important organs. It is recognized that the rays of light do not penetrate deeply. Hence within the skin, and within the blood-vessels that circulate in the skin, chemical changes induced by light begin and go on; the materials developed circulate throughout the entire system, reaching various organs and tissues. The photo-dynamic effects are far-reaching; light affects not only the skin but every particle of living human tissue.

Of course, the few points that have been elaborated here relative to light effects on the human body seem confused. They represent accurately, however, the position of medical science on the subject today. Enough is known to indicate the need of great caution. For the ignorant, toying with ultra-violet is like giving the baby a safety razor to play with. For the well-informed, the constant use of ultra-violet rays in the treatment of disease, and perhaps for disease prevention as well, is a constant revelation.

In our large cities sufficient sunlight to prevent rickets comes through only during the hours of twelve to two, and then only during the summer months. The ultra-violet rays do not pass through window glass unless it is very thin or especially prepared. Therefore special types of glass have been provided which will permit passage of the sun's rays. But if there are not enough rays to get any effects why provide the glass? Perhaps even the little that does get through may be worth while. Then, too, there are advantages in the heat rays and in the light, and these things come through any type of glass.

The effects of ultra-violet rays on general health have already been mentioned. They seem to have certain well-established powers in relation to nervous tissue and to nervous symptoms. They are known to accomplish definite effects on tuberculous glands, on tuberculous joints, and on tuberculous infections of the superficial portions of the body generally. Indeed, experiments made upon rats indicate that regular exposure to ultra-violet rays may be of value in building up resistance against infections of the breathing apparatus, including the lungs, sinuses, nose, and throat. Some diseases of the skin seem to respond definitely to ultra-violet radiation. The action of the rays in stimulating differentiation and growth of tissues has been used as an argument for their use in causing the growth of hair on bald heads. The clinical evidence to date is not such as to be extremely encouraging for the head as bare and shining as a billiard ball. But where the cells are not dead and where growth is sluggish the light sometimes accomplishes interesting results.

Response to ultra-violet rays varies in the aged and in the young, in the blonde and in the brunette, in the skin, in the mucous membranes, and in highly specialized tissues like the eye. New growing tissues in wounds are highly sensitive to ultra-violet; growing cartilage and lymphatic tissues respond with unusual rapidity. When a safe dose is exceeded, healthy tissue may be overstimulated or destroyed. If tissue growth is overstimulated, the result is tumor or cancer, a rapid overgrowth of tissue. The danger is not so great with ultra-violet, however, as with the X-rays. Every one knows about the numerous physicians who died of cancer due to failure to protect themselves properly in early experimentation with the X-rays.

Many authorities in the use of the ultra-violet look with alarm at the attempt to introduce the ultra-violet as a panacea in athletic clubs, bathing establishments, massage parlors, and barber-shops. Whenever a new discovery appears in medical science, exploiters begin to develop devices which are sold without regard to the dangers or to the scientific facts. In France the Ministry of Health has ruled that such devices are not to be used except under medical direction. In Great Britain a local health council ruled that such devices should not be permitted for routine exposures in bath resorts. In this country the Council on Physical Therapy of the American Medical Association has issued a warning against the sale of ultra-violet-ray devices directly to the public, pointing out that their use was dangerous, particularly to people with low blood-pressure, to women under certain conditions, to every one when the dosage was not adequately controlled. Indeed, investigators everywhere are now at work attempting to build some type of ultra-violet-ray device that will provide rays equal to strong sunlight on a summer day and not beyond, so that a definite treatment interval may be established and the worst possible effect be merely severe sunburn.

Somewhat amusing in this connection are the imitation ultra-violet-ray apparatus commonly used in beauty-shops and barber-shops. Here the patron sits while the attendant solemnly waves about his head either an incandescent bulb colored purple or a hollow glass tube in which a vacuum, associated with current passing through an induction coil, produces shivery purple light. All that the victim gets is a little prickling of the scalp induced by the electrical discharge. As for the purple-colored incandescent lamp, the bald-headed victim will see purple, but not hair.

Here, then, is a modern discovery with vast powers for good, with some powers for harm, with remarkable interest. Into this tremendous field the research workers penetrate bit by bit, adding knowledge regarding wave-lengths, penetration of the rays, biological effects of the rays, their usefulness in disease, their value for the prevention of disease, the qualities they have for increasing and changing the food supply, and similar facts of the greatest importance. The progress is so great that one must read constantly to keep abreast. Armchair philosophers predict a time when all America will be brown-skinned people, because the invisible rays, like the visible, will be brought into the homes. They predicate a race with stable nervous systems, because nervous tissues will change under the effects of the light. These strong, brown-skinned men and women will be tall, due to the growth of straight and solid bones; the teeth will be firm and will remain longer in the mouth cavity, because of a proper supply of important vitamins controlling the use of calcium and phosphorus.

In the London Zoo tropical lizards, monkeys, and other species which would not breed in captivity and which died easily of respiratory diseases now reproduce and live longer without infection. The cages have been provided for several years with suitable sources of ultra-violet rays.

Who can tell what the future will bring when established knowledge created by modern sctience is generally applied to human existence? It will be safer, however, to make progress slowly.

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Smyth County Items

By L. R. DICKINSON

Early this year Sherwood Anderson told in The Outlook of his new venture as country editor. This is the way his neighbors view the editor and his two papers—one Democratic, one Republican.

FOR the past three months the town of Marion, in the mountains of southwestern Virginia, has known the experience of being adopted by a widely known author who took a notion that he would like to run our newspapers. We felt at first that there was a joke about it somewhere, either on him or us. We remembered that soon after Sherwood Anderson moved in over Grayson County way, the story went around that a kind-hearted mountain neighbor, hearing he was a writer, felt it her duty to make a special visit of warning to tell him that "our folks don't read books." Then last fall he moved across the mountains to Marion and bought our papers. The town will now bear witness that if we don't read his books we do read his newspapers. It may be that the joke is neither on him nor us, but on the few who failed to subscribe before the price went up.

He is not one of the outsiders who call us "mountain whites." In fact, he said recently: "Our buying the newspapers at Marion has brought down upon us the comments of our brother editors from all over America. Most of the comments take the form of warnings. We are supposed to be in some kind of danger. There hasn't any one been in the shop with a gun yet. Say, what do they think Virginia is?"

In another issue he said: "In all my life I have never opposed any so-called reform nor have I ever gone in for one. What interests me is human life. I like people just as they are. I do not want to change any one. . . . Life as it is, the meannesses, joys, sorrows, life in cities and towns, the changes always going on in the tone of life."

ALL of this, including Mr. Anderson himself, was quite disarming; but only a few issues of the papers had appeared when we realized that the "Marion Democrat" and the newer "Smyth-County News" were going to subscribers who could not be supposed to care whose son was home from Emory and Henry for a week-end. We felt somewhat embarrassed when the spotlight was thrown on us and the whole country found it funny that a Republican and a Democratic paper proceeded out of our one printing-shop. They always had in Marion. There were further possibilities of embarrassment in the realization that Mr. Otto Kahn might be reading the "Notes from Buckeye Hollow," and that certain literary friends of Mr. Sherwood Anderson's in Chicago were probably guffawing over the funeral poetry from Hook's Branch. Those things were written for us, not for a banker in Ohio who wrote to the editor: "Please give me $5 worth of subscription to the 'Democrat.' I don't want your Republican paper. I take my Democracy neat."

Mr. Anderson seems quite taken with our town band, like our papers, an old and formerly not very ambitious institution. He wrote several impassioned pleas for its better support and a really lyrical description of its performance:

"Armistice Day went off with a fine flourish. . . . The band was out in full force and made the whole valley ring with its music. Your correspondent found himself stepping high and wide, proud to be in Virginia and in Marion on such a day. . . . Older men, staid citizens of a town, may be able to get along without a band, but what about the boys? When I was a boy my one great yearning was to play the biggest horn in the town band. I never made it. Still and all, I'm not a jealous man. What I can't have I don't want to take away from the other fellow. I still like a band better than almost anything else in a town. Band music just suits me."

After a few weeks of this, contributions poured in from Mr. Otto Kahn, from Horace Liveright, the publisher, from Henry Mencken, and others. The town was amazed.

You understand, here in Marion we are somewhat like people so much at home and so comfortable in an old-fashioned house that they have never concerned themselves as to how it might look to newcomers. Now when we pick up our home papers, we remember all these recent additions to the subscription list, these sophisticates and intellectuals in New York, Baltimore, and Chicago, and wonder how it strikes them to read in "St. Clair Bottom Notes"—by the way, in Smyth County we are still English enough to pronounce that Sinkler—that Mr. Jeff Culpeper is killing hogs this week. And there are the Personals from Seven Mile Ford, Locust Cove, Riverside, Sugar Grove, Troutdale, Chestnut Ridge, Spruce Creek—no doubt they sound very close to the grass roots, as they are.

Well, let them laugh. We know as well as they do that Hungry's Mother is a funny name for a creek. But we like it, both the name and the creek. Its narrow valley is almost as untouched as when the first explorers traveled the Wilderness Trail.

AFTER three months, the particular charming thing we have found out about our new editor is that he can make fun for us, and not just of us. We unfold our papers every Tuesday, or some weeks it may be Wednesday, with a broad grin. Nobody's feelings could be hurt over these Armistice Day notes, coming as they did after a very complimentary account of our celebration in which he said: "Your correspondent hopes every one present prayed for peace. He did."

"Your correspondent, a somewhat timid man, was frightened when he saw Mr. Quincy Calhoun coming up Main Street. He certainly looked the soldier. If we were in a war and saw a few like that coming at us, we would just quit. Besides that, we wish we had his figure. . . . Some one told all the school-children to shuffle their feet. We suspect some shoe merchant was back of that. . . . G. H. C. sent us a hot poem on the prize fight on the evening of Armistice Day. We didn't dare print it. It reflected on the gentility of one of the fighters engaged. It spoke real rudely of the Virginia gentleman, so rudely that it made us shudder. Evidently G. H. C. doesn't understand the policy of this paper. If we want to abuse any one we intend to pick out cripples."

Even our burdened city fathers must have smiled over this item: "The Great White Way came up for discussion again, but it is going to cost too much. We would almost be willing to be a street-lamp ourselves for what the power

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company is threatening to charge. Some hope was held out that the power company might go Democratic and cut prices a little later."

Or over this, headed "Futility:" "One of the great questions when our young intellectuals meet nowdays—that is to say, in Boston, New York, Bristol, and all such places where intellectuals do meet—is the futility of much of modern life. There is a general feeling that life is not as full of meaning as it might be. Take, for example, this case. Although you may not know it, the town of Marion has a cow pound. Now and then a cow gets loose in the streets and one of our town officers is called in to take her up. Mr. Hays or Mr. Snavely goes running. The cow is gently escorted to the cow pound and left there. But alas, the cow pound has no fence. She walks right through. We leave it to our readers to guess how that makes Mr. Hays or Mr. Snavely feel."

Or this: "At the last meeting of our town council the question of the hog zone limit came up for discussion. It seems that the town has had the zone in which hogs may be kept extended from time to time, but the limits of the zone have become somewhat indefinite. This your correspondent felt was a somewhat delicate question. While it was under discussion we left the room. As every one knows, we have but recently become an editor and publisher. Every one also knows that we publishers are hot on advertising. . . .

"It is necessary for us as representing the world's most enlightened weekly newspaper to be present at council meetings, but we do feel that it would be the part of delicacy for the town council not to discuss this matter of hog zone limits when we are present. Let them talk it over when they meet on the street. Also many a dull evening at home may be profitably spent discussing this matter."

We are beginning to leave the notes from Laurel Gap and other communities for the last and look to see what "our ready correspondent Buck Fever of Coon Hollow" has to say. "The Fevers are well known up Coon Hollow way. Buck Fever's father, and incidentally the husband of Malaria Fever, is a member of the firm of Fever and Ague. They keep a general store at the head of Coon Hollow." This is one of Buck's communications:

"No one up our way likes taxes much, but now and then we hear of a good one. What about the new prize-fighting tax? The people that can pay $5 to $50 for seats to see Gene Tunney maul Jack Dempsey for a half-hour ought to pay tax. Here is the way we get it. I was helping Ma husk corn yesterday—I think a man ought to help his women folks all he can, but I got tired and rested a while. While I rested I read in a paper: 'By the provisions of the new revenue bill a tax of 25 per cent was recommended on all prize-fight tickets selling at $5 or more. This would mean that $5 tickets would cost the purchaser a total of $6.25 . . . $50 tickets would cost $62.50.' Think of that! Why, up in this hollow most any Saturday night a man can get as good a fight as those fellows put on for nothing. It makes me tired, thinking of all that waste money. Sure, tax 'em."

According to Mr. Anderson, Buck Fever has now moved into town and gone to work on the paper, all the raciest news items being signed by him. He is said to be a husky young mountaineer, quite ready to take on any one who may fall out with the editor. He serves another good purpose. When one small shop has to get out two papers and a lot of miscellaneous job printing with only four rather amateur helpers and nothing much else but a stove and an office cat, and when your linotype machine was badly brought up to begin with, having contracted lifelong habits of unrestrained spelling, then proof-reading comes to be little practiced. We gather that Buck Fever is to be held accountable for all deficiencies.

This is Buck's account of a recent Kiwanis meeting: "A dark gloomy evening with slush underfoot. Mr. George Cook gone to Florida. Everybody else wishing they were there or in some other warm place. Tom Greer got up and announced gloomily that George Cook would not be back until the robins began to sing. That was pure pessimism. George Cook told us he would be gone only two or three weeks. There won't be any robins here that soon. Mr. Greer wasn't thinking of the Kiwanis at all. He was thinking of some warm spot down on the Southern Seas. In fancy he was sitting there with his feet dangling in the warm water. If we were only running a herb supply place and not working on a snappy newspaper the way we are, we would be in some warm spot these days. People don't need herbs the way they do a paper. All Tom Greer can do is doctor up their bodies. We doctor up their eternal souls in this paper. At least the boss says we do. I haven't noticed it any myself. . . . Mr. Fleet Wolfe was to furnish the entertainment at the meeting but got up and said it was the beginning of February and he didn't feel like entertaining any one. We didn't blame him a bit. It was a rotten night. He said he looked around and looked around, but couldn't think of anything gloomy enough to do. He said he thought of inviting an undertaker in, but they were all busy. There was a gravestone salesman over at the Francis Marion Hotel. He might have got him."

It may be just chance, but since our new editor came an unusual number of things have occurred to remind us how near the mountains are. Again, it may be that Mr. Sherwood Anderson has found these tales of the hills more entertaining than our former local editors found them. At any rate, we have come to the conclusion that a story writer turned newspaper man tells his news as stories rather than his news as news; if you know what we mean. These items have appeared in recent weeks:

"Nearly the entire time of the court during the last week was taken up with the case of the commonwealth against Andy and Abe Caldwell, Andy, as we understand it, being Abe's son. As nearly as your correspondent could figure this case out, it was one grand family row. Rocks were thrown, clipping people here and there about the head, shotguns were fired, and a general good time was had by all. There were Andys, Buds, Bills, Joes, etc., firing rocks and profanity up and down one mountain road to make us lonesome for Grayson. Old man Simmons, I think it was, got a couple of good hard rocks on top of his head and nearly died. We had some sturdy feminine testimony in this case. It was very enlightening. The jury decided Andy and Abe would have to pay fifty dollars and break stones for three months. I hope they don't break them on my road."

The following incident was entitled "When Knighthood Was in Flower:" "That was a long time ago. It is said, however, that Walter Pierce, out on Walker's Creek in the Hungry's Mother section, has a lot of the old flair in him. A few days ago he was driving along the road with his uncle J. A. Pierce. They came across the Evans boys beside the road. For a long time there had been bad feeling between the Pierce and Evans factions out that way.

"By the story brought out in Justice Dickinson's court in the trial on Monday, words started between the two factions. Walter Pierce and his uncle got out of the car. It is said that Walter Pierce offered to let himself and any one of the Evans faction be searched for

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concealed weapons. Then, when they were found all clean, they were to go into a field and fight it out. That's the way they used to do things in the old days of knights and kings.

"No one seemed to want to do it. The Pierces started to get back into the car. The claim is that a young man named Ed Smith picked up a rock and tried to see if he was good enough to get into the big league. He probably is. Anyway, he clipped J. S. Pierce on the forehead with the rock, and his doing so cost him $25 in Justice Dickinson's court. Today all is quiet on Hungry's Mother."

OF course, the conventionally minded and the unduly critical may say that these communications are hardly news. But what is news to a county weekly? All of us sufficiently above the illiterate line take a daily paper. It comes on the early train from Roanoke or Richmond. A few of us even get one on the night train from New York or Washington. As for town and county news, we have usually heard it at the post office or drug-store two or three days before the "Marion Democrat" comes out. That, of course, adds to interest in the "Democrat," as everybody wants to see how the thing looks in print. Mr. Sherwood Anderson's good judgment appears in that he realizes that a county weekly is an entirely different form of literary endeavor from a city daily. He has been most energetic in finding correspondents to send in personals. From every crossroads in the county comes the news of who took dinner at whose home on Sunday and who is recovering from an illness. Our county paper does not repeat the city daily, but takes up where the latter leaves off.

We are beginning to wonder if Marion, like Dayton, Tennessee, is being "put on the map"—if, in fact, it has already been put. For the first time a picture from here has appeared in the New York "Times," with, to our mortification, an old stove appearing in the background, whereas we have as many furnace-heated houses as other people. We have been mentioned in numerous big-city papers. Our papers are going where county weeklies never went before. And while, as we have said, we were somewhat taken aback and embarrassed at having our rusticity thus spread abroad, on longer consideration we have concluded that we don't care one chinquapin from the slopes of Molly's Knob. Here on Hungry's Mother we are just as well pleased with ourselves as they are on the Chesapeake, Lake Michigan, or the Hudson.

Will Hays—Supervisor of Morals

(*Continued from page 578*)

The "don'ts" include "pointed profanity" (including "Gawd," "Hell," and many other terms). Other "don'ts" include "licentious nudity," "white slavery," "miscegenation," and "ridicule of the clergy."

The list of subjects regarding which producers must "be careful" is all-embracing. One of the most important is an injunction against showing violations of the Prohibition Law unless the plot of the story makes this essential. Mr. Hays has made a personal plea in behalf of this canon. Others in the list are "sympathy for criminals," "arson," "sedition," "the institution of marriage," "excessive or lustful kissing." The Czar is a firm believer that the motion picture "spreads good will for America," and he frowns upon scenarios in which any other nation is slighted.

Within the last few months, particularly since the Sinclair developments, producers have been vastly excited over the production of "Sadie Thompson" by Miss Gloria Swanson. This is the short story on which Mr. Somerset Maugham's play "Rain" was based. When it became known that Miss Swanson was to produce "Sadie Thompson," there were frantic demands to be told how permission had been obtained from the Czar. The Broadway version, emphatically denied by spokesmen for Mr. Hays, is that Miss Swanson chanced to be seated next to the movie overlord at a dinner party. Would he object, she is said to have asked, to a movie based on a story by Mr. Maugham? It was called "Sadie Thompson." Mr. Hays said he had no objection. Why should he have? "Will you make that official in the morning?" Miss Swanson went on.

"It's official now," Hays is said to have answered in the presence of several other guests.

So widespread is the acceptance of this legend that other producers are said to be pondering similar experiments. "Sadie Thompson" has turned out to be a great financial success. Such proscribed plays and books as Michael Arlen's "Green Hat" and Miss Kennedy's "Constant Nymph" may soon appear. Sidney Howard's play "They Knew What They Wanted" has been shown in a Broadway theater within the last week or so, although, it is said, it had been held on the producer's shelves for months.

Refuting all this, the publicity men of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc., point to a clause of the "Hays formula." Under this, a forbidden book or play may be reconsidered after the offensive scenes have been stricken out. But if produced it must be given another title. In confirmation of this, they show that the movie version of "Rain" was called "Sadie Thompson." The minister of the play became a social worker. So with "They Knew What They Wanted;" the title was changed and the bootlegger became an orange grower.

MR. HAYS believes all these rules and regulations are entirely just. He often remarks that the motion-picture industry must "protect morons" likely to be influenced by what they see in the theater. Meanwhile, he spreads friendship and good will. He constantly makes speeches, and these are reminiscent of those of his political days. A large staff of assistants reads newspapers and magazines with meticulous care. When an editor criticises the screen, he receives in a very short time a form letter from Mr. Hays setting him straight. When one praises the screen, he receives a communication expressing gratitude. The Hays organization is the place where all those with complaints or grievances or ideas may come. None is turned away without a hearing. Many are ushered into the presence of the Czar. Mr. Hays is always willing to co-operate and always promises that "something will be done."

That it takes him a long time to get around to it is due, no doubt, to the fact that he is so very busy.

AND yet it cannot be denied, I think, that Will Hays and his organization have done valuable work to the extent that they have discouraged movements toward further censorship. As a resort for children and the immature, as well as for adults, the movies will undoubtedly always be subjected to some kind of supervision—if not from within, then from without. In selecting a man like Mr. Hays to ward off from themselves these censorships the movie magnates certainly followed the line of expediency, for Mr. Hays appeared to be quite acceptable to those who would be most insistent upon political censorship. But expediency at least may suggest to the movie magnates the necessity for some better safeguard against censorship than Mr. Hays in his present plight now affords. They may be forced to consider other standards than those which Mr. Hays has personified.

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Miniatures from the Life

By IBBY HALL

Morals

AMERICA has two favorite stories: the bedtime story and the story with a moral. A week or so ago The Outlook printed a picture which would illustrate either story—the picture of a baby whale that met its pitiful and untimely death in New York Harbor at the age of only two years.

The little whale, one of a large family, was especially loved by her elder brothers and sisters. Who can blame them if they spoiled her? There had floated to the whales, secure in their suburban retreat yet *au courant* with affairs, rumors of the dangers of early repression. The whales were alarmed, and decided, with that burst of liberality that comes with a new idea, to make up for their own restricted youth. This baby, at least, would be free. But some one had forgotten to tell the whales that knowledge is the right hand of freedom, and, left to themselves, they simply never thought of it. They gave their darling the complete freedom of the oceans, with never a warning of those low-lying red-and-green-light districts to be found always at the end of shallow waters. And so the little whale, young and gay and full of curiosity, made her tragic entrance into the Harbor of New York. Consider the state of the whale family when rumor once more reached them—describing those four jobless ironmongers, intent upon destruction, lured on by visions of wealth and whale-oil, to their dastardly deed!

But what about the story concerning the four jobless ironmongers? For those men never gave up hope. Hungry, hard-driven, every day saw them doggedly setting out to look for work. Disappointed, but never discouraged—they were down but never out. And what was the result? Jewels at their feet? Fortunes found in gutters? They were rewarded by a whale. Who before them ever found a whale—dropped from heaven to Brooklyn—in a small canal off New York Harbor? They risked their lives and they brought her ashore, and the Natural History Museum rewarded them with fifty dollars.

The Farm

THERE is a hundred-acre farm in New Jersey that has descended from father to son through many generations. The family that owned it was a careful one. The farm, the house, the furniture, the fixings, were things to be cared for, not for themselves but for the tradition in which they existed. These things were loved and cherished because they had been cherished and tended by hands that were dead, and would be loved and tended by the hands of those to come after. The farm held the history and hope of one family.

Sixty-some years ago, when the Civil War broke out, the last son of this family, who did not suspect that he was to be the last, was still in his teens. The farm was to be his, the future generations depended upon him. On the other hand, his country needed him. Perhaps he saw his country as a larger farm, for in the end he risked his life by joining the Northern army. When the war was over, it was the farm that received him back again, and he returned with a drum and twelve loaded muskets. He had not done so badly by the tradition, after all. Here were firearms and a military record to be added and handed down to those future generations.

But time rushed over him, and there was no new generation. There were no sons. Moreover, with each year there was less money. In time the conflict of the war became as nothing to this conflict. The farm did not yield enough to support its owner, and still he must hold on to it for those other owners.

Not long ago the last son reached his eighty-sixth birthday, and now his problem was overwhelming; for at last there was no money at all. He himself, still hale and hearty, was good for years to come; but how was he to live through those years? He could not give up the farm—yet he was bound to live. He came always to the same answer. Those others answered him: he had no sons.

The auction was held only the other day. The farm went for something over four thousand. The drum brought sixty cents. The prized four-posters and twelve muzzle-loading rifles brought the usual prices of hastily discarded antiques. Some one tried to tell the old man how much money was coming to him, but he could not rouse himself sufficiently to understand. For it seems that he was ill in bed. He had been ailing ever since his arrangement with the auctioneer to sell the farm.

The next day, there being no longer any farm to hold on to, the last son died.

His

A YOUNG Dutchman out in Chicago is far from home. He, whose own country is a half-province of the ocean, where almost every farmhouse is picketed by salty forces, in this new Middle West is far from sight or smell of the sea. He has learned to speak the English language; but this, too, is an endless stretch of foreign sound, separating him from the familiar words of home.

Like all Dutchmen, he has utilized every inch and space of earth that might be called his. His chickens are part of his home. There are not many of them—probably no more than sixteen—but each one has been the object of his attention, his devotion, his yearning. These chickens know more of their master than any human being in the foreign horde about him; for to them he speaks always in Dutch, and is himself.

The other day another tragedy took place in Chicago—the sixteen chickens were stolen from the Dutchman.

Now sixteen chickens just as booty are a trifle awkward to handle. These were both outraged and outspoken, and the police did not disappoint them. By nightfall the ruffled chickens were enjoying the protection of a cell. The police were puzzled by only one difficulty—who was the owner of the chickens? Any one could claim a chicken,

The Dutchman, having traced his household, arrived at the police station calm and untroubled. "I have come," he said, "for my chickens."

"Say," said the sergeant, "how d'you get that way? Who says they're yours? You'll have some trouble in proving possession of sixteen chickens in Chicago."

The Dutchman looked at the sergeant and smiled slowly. The art of possession was evidently unknown to these foreigners. "They are my chickens," said the Dutchman, "I can prove it."

The skeptical sergeant escorted the Hollander to the cell, where the good chickens had all gone to bed. The Dutchman stepped inside. Softly and considerately, in his native language, he addressed the sleeping chickens. The effect was electrical. Startled heads, outstretched wings, squawks of joyful recognition, filled the small cell.

The sergeant looked at the Dutchman. "Take them," he said; "they're yours."

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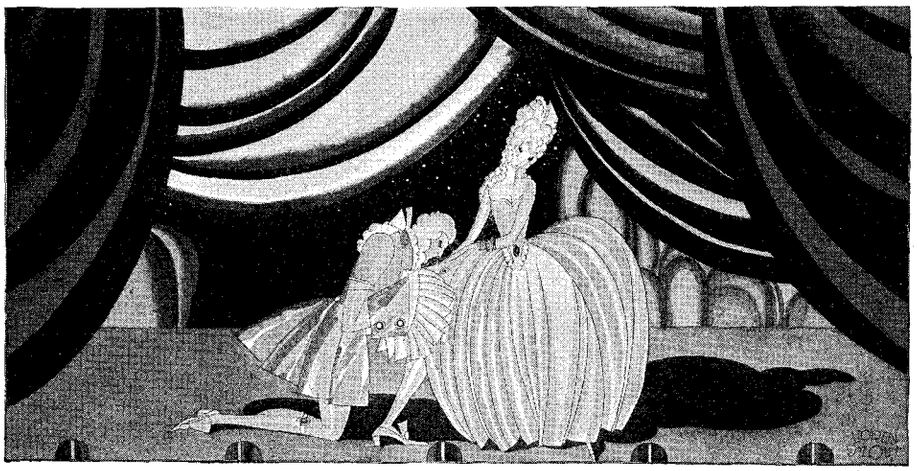
Lights Down: A Review of the Stage



IN commenting on his latest Broadway offering, "The Scarlet Fox," Willard Mack says that the story of the play is borrowed intact from the records of the Royal Mounted Police in Drumheller, Alberta, a coal-mining community some seventy miles northeast of Calgary. If this is true, our worst fears are confirmed. The Mounted Police themselves have taken to reading our melodramatic novels about their fine deeds. For "The Scarlet Fox" is the hundred per cent heroic story of the mounted policeman and the crook, with a mining town substituted for the Hudson Bay Company's posts and the other romantic spots of which we have been told since the days of Gilbert Parker and "Pretty Pierre."

There never has been any denying the romance of the Northwest, and the Irishman in his Majesty's service, and the young lady in distress, and the unsavory villain who has no redeeming qualities. And yet in Mr. Mack's latest play this poor old villain comes off even worse than usual. For he pretends to run a shirt store, and he peddles dope, and he double-crosses his girl, and he is willing to murder people on the mere suggestion that the police might expect to find the body of the victim in some particular spot. He can't even drink romantically, and, compared to him, his Chinese accomplice is almost George Washington. In short, the blackness of the villainy in "The Scarlet Fox" is of the very deepest shade.

And yet the thing gets you—of course it does. It seems to be a fact that, no matter how much we go to the theatre, we never get used to scenes in which villainous people carry pistols in plain sight, and the stage is dark, and Chinamen live in cellars and there are passages in the walls. Also, if there is a bluff, good-hearted, absolutely perfect Irishman as a hero—except that he did take a drink—and this gentleman uses his intellect in the cause of justice, and his heart is filled with romantic emotion, it is a stone heart that doesn't warm.

All these things combine to make "The Scarlet Fox" what it should be. From the moment the two gentlemen of the Northwest Mounted Police find the body of the murdered man in the alley until the murderous villain is finally exposed by Mr. Mack himself, single-handed, in the cellar underneath "Cora's Place," the evening at the Theatre Masque is full of excitement, of good, if slightly shop-worn, humor, and sprinkled with occasional tense moments when your younger companions are apt to stand up in their seats.

Is there anything new in it? Well, we hardly think so, unless it be the undeniably good picture of a cheap house of prostitution in a Canadian town, which is presented in the second act. This is both good and somewhat novel, and carries a conviction of reality to the audience despite the fact that the hero and his companions are spending the evening there for the purpose of catching the murderer; and also that one of the girls is—

But we won't spoil the story for you. Willard Mack is Willard Mack, and we should say that he had done it again.

WE are getting a little doubtful, anyway, for the thousandth time, about our ability to say whether a play will catch on sufficiently to secure a good run on Broadway. There was a time when we boasted to our friends that all the plays we picked ran the gauntlet successfully, and the ones we did not care for were mortally affected by our adverse judgment. But the number of exceptions to this rule has been growing of late and we have to confess that again we are unsure.

"And So to Bed," the sequel in play form of "Pepys' Diary," has continued for many weeks after we expressed our doubts by only giving it a paragraph. "Dracula," which we found magnificently terrible for two acts, but which lost all its punch when Count Dracula himself bit the lady's neck and drank untold amounts of her blood—"Dracula" has continued to survive.

"The Command to Love" amused us—exceedingly at moments—and yet did not ring the little bell inside us for which we listen. So, for many weeks, we hesitated to say whether or not it was going to be worth your time as well as ours—despite the fact that it comes from Europe. And yet it is still going strong.

This last play is, in fact, a very good show of its kind. The whole affair—being a story of Madrid, and diplomatic circles, and being solely concerned with French gentlemen and Spanish ladies—is sufficiently removed from home and mother to be easily swallowed. And once this is done, the deftness with which the story is presented and the wit and lightness of the dialogue all combine to make a very diverting entertainment. Perhaps, after all, even from the standpoint of reality, it isn't much further from the truth than Willard Mack's "Scarlet Fox," and its Continental sophistication makes it exceedingly enjoyable to people who like Continental sophistication and are prepared to check their Puritanism at the door.

And there you are.

Having made this confession of our fallibility, let us say that we don't think "The Scarlet Fox" is epoch-making or will go down in history as the Great Northwestern Mounted Police drama. But we imagine that all the readers of the light popular novels will like it and be thrilled by it—down to the very last one.

F. R. B.

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Music and Musicians

Two Unusual Works

By EUGENE BONNER

THE League of Composers, whose last two concerts cannot be said to have rocked the foundations of the musical world of this city, more than redeemed itself last Sunday evening with a double bill consisting of those two much-discussed dramatic works for soloists and chamber-orchestra, Stravinsky's "L'Histoire du Soldat" and that delectable marionette piece of Manuel de Falla, "El Retablo de Maese Pedro."

"L'Histoire du Soldat" had been heard here before in concert, but last Sunday was its first local performance in its dramatic form. The plot is slight. A tired, worn-out soldier, returning from the wars, meets the devil, who offers him in exchange for his beloved violin a magic book which contains all the necessary instructions to become rich, and then takes him off for a three-day visit to his infernal kingdom.

When the soldier finally arrives in his native village, he finds that the devil has kept him, not three days, but three years, and in the meantime people have thought him dead and his sweetheart has married another.

However, following the instructions in the magic book, he becomes fabulously wealthy; but still longing for his lost violin, he manages to get it back from the devil by a ruse, and arriving in a country where the daughter of the king is dying, he heals her by playing for her on his fiddle (she must have been pretty low), marries her, and is happy until, led on by curiosity, he leaves the kingdom to see his native village once more, and the minute he steps over the boundary is promptly and finally nabbed by his Satanic majesty.

A simple enough story, allegory, or what you will. The parts of the soldier, the princess, and the devil are pantomimed, while a Narrator (a character that Stravinsky seems to be employing as a kind of *bonne à tout faire* lately) reads the poem, half dialogue, half narrative, and at times even mixes himself up in the goings-on of the occasion.

The music of Stravinsky for this hybrid affair is of a simplicity bordering at times on the idiotic. Having had the privilege of hearing the first performances of this work both in Paris and London in addition to many rehearsals of it, we feel fairly well qualified to express an opinion of the music. Clever of course it is, bitingly satirical, and written by a man who knows what he wants to say and how to say it, but even then his satire and the knowledge of his material scarcely make up for the paucity of musical ideas, its ineffectiveness as incidental music, and the downright ugliness of the score.

The ragtime passages were amusing and the burlesque choral was clever enough, but the scratching and scraping of the soldier's violin became well-nigh intolerably monotonous before the piece was over. Naturally, a genius like Stravinsky can't be altogether bad, but *malgré* all its apologists, when all's said and done, we consider the music of "L'Histoire du Soldat" pretty thin stuff.

The performance, on the other hand, deserves nothing but praise. It may be questioned whether the elaborately burlesque style in which it is done here is as effective as the simpler, more matter-of-fact treatment accorded to it in Paris at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées. Be that as may be, Blake Scott gave a most sympathetic impersonation of the soldier, Lily Lubell was a delightful Princess, and Jacques Cartier as the devil was a sheer delight from start to finish, his dancing being little short of marvelous, while Tom Powers, who adapted the piece, was altogether satisfactory as the Narrator.

IN "El Retablo de Maese Pedro" of Manuel de Falla we have one of the most exquisite, delicate, and sympathetic of modern works. In form absolutely unique, written as it is to be played by marionettes with a "Trujamen" or boy narrator who explains the action between the scenes, it provides a most unusual and altogether delectable entertainment.

"Master Peter's Puppet-Show," as the translated title reads, is a version of the episode of Don Quixote and the puppet-players from Cervantes's novel. The scene is the courtyard of the inn in La Mancha, where is being performed the story of how the fair Melisendra, daughter of Charlemagne, who has been taken prisoner by the Moors, is freed by her husband, Don Gayferos, and the generally exciting adventures of all concerned in the process.

Master Peter, Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, and the Boy are played by life-sized marionettes, while on an inner stage smaller puppets show us the trials of Melisendra. The three singers are dimly seen to one side of the marionette theatre.

Surely de Falla has done nothing lovelier than this captivating score. The lively little prelude, the expert use made of Spanish dance rhythms and snatches from old ballads—"Traveler, traveler, posting to Paris, ask how goes it with Gayferos," the musical exposition of each scene as done by the Boy, which is more fully developed for the pantomimic scene which follows, and, last of all, the poignant tragi-comedy of the final scene when the poor demented old Don runs amuck and smashes up the puppet-show in his excitement, bringing the entertainment to an end with his apostrophe to Dulcinea and the glorification of knighthood "above all the professions that are in the world" . . . all these leave an impression not soon to be forgotten.

The performance of this little masterpiece was unfortunately not all it should have been. Miss Ruth Rodgers completely missed the nasal sing-song in her delivery of the Boy's music, the quality so expressly recommended by the composer in the stage directions included in the published edition. Carl Schlegel and George Rasely were well enough as Don Quixote and Master Peter, but why in the name of all that's holy was the work sung in Spanish? With a very good English translation published with the score, it was little short of idiotic to have the character whose duty it is to expound the piece, expounding away in a language that scarcely any one in the audience could understand. A piece of musical snobbery which overshot its mark!

The delightful Bufano marionettes were extremely temperamental, owing, no doubt, to the devastating spring weather that had just burst all over us. Mr. Monteux, guest conductor for the occasion, who also directed the Stravinsky work, piloted the Chamber Ensemble of the Philharmonic Society adroitly through the intricacies of this enchanting score.

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"Two Lovers"

TO just what extent you're interested in the professional relationship between Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky we'll confess we don't know; maybe you don't care a bit that "Two Lovers" is their last picture together.

Allow us, however, to confess that all the well-wrought publicity which preceded this film had its effect on us, and when the two young persons went into their allegedly final hammer-lock we were all broken up.

Having thus broadcast our shame, we'll go on to say that "Two Lovers" seemed to us a highly acceptable romantic drama, with only a few structural weaknesses to cavil at.

Miss Banky and Mr. Colman look well together and act well together, and the sixteenth-century setting in which they find themselves is entirely appropriate to both. Noah Beery continues, in this picture, relentlessly to persecute Mr. Colman; if the Samuel Goldwyn press department had told us that these two gentlemen were separating forever, we could have well believed it, what with all the floggings and face-slappings Mr. Colman has had to endure at the hands of Mr. Beery.

There is a knife-fight between the hero and one of the several heavies in "Two Lovers" which presented (to us, at least) a new technique in screen combats. The antagonists use a heavy dirk and the parrying is done by means of a stiffly extended forearm. It was interesting and well rehearsed and you have one guess as to who won.

The story is adapted from Baroness Orczy's novel "Leatherface." Leaving out the consideration that this stimulating title would have excluded Miss Banky, the fact still remains that no true film fan would care for a picture called "Leatherface." So, what to do?

Why, of course, call it "Two Lovers"! A perfectly sweet title. If, on seeing the film, you are struck by the circumstance that the principals respectively hate and distrust each other (unjustly, of course) through at least three-fourths of it, forget it. Good names are hard to conjure up and—"Two Lovers."

Think of it!

It is practically the perfect movie title.

"The Big City"

THE Man of a Thousand Faces—or (in two words) Lon Chaney—has apparently decided to junk the nine hundred and ninety-nine since "London After Midnight."

The face he uses throughout his present photoplay is the seamed, relentless visage he reserves for crook parts in which the crook is not, at heart, just a big, fun-loving boy. Chuck Collins in "The Big City" is, was, and always had been a crook, and we, for one, positively did not believe that he kept his promise and went straight at the end. Not that boy.

There's one trouble with nearly all the Lon Chaney-Tod Browning pictures we have so far seen. They're too static. There isn't enough action in them. A crook play needs not only an ingenious plot; it requires at least a modicum of menace and suspense.

In "The Big City" we find a number of incidents, which are sufficiently interesting in themselves, loosely strung together with meaningless lapses and a woeful absence of sustaining excitement. The characters are variously discovered lying on beds and smoking cigarettes, or sitting at tables, smoking more cigarettes.

They suddenly spring up and, with alarmingly malevolent expressions, they hurl the cigarettes away, as though about to choke somebody. Then the scene meanders off into something else, and presently they're all smoking and glowering again. "The Unholy Three" was a good picture because it held its pace; the story, in other words, was adequate to the length of the film.

Lon Chaney has practically no opportunities, and, on the whole, if we were you, we'd let this one go by.

"Red Hair"

OUR regard for the literary and film output of Madame Elinor Glyn is under such excellent control that she'd have to turn out a second "Sunrise" before our sentiments would change.

Her penchant for loitering about on the thin fringes of the sex question without ever overstepping the Hays code of propriety strikes us as one of the present menaces to American life.

Her ability to do this may in itself constitute artistic worth; but, for our part, the tongue-in-cheek treatment of the sex question is its one really disgusting phase.

These comments may seem out of all proportion to such a theme as "Red Hair" with Clara Bow; but a menace is a menace.

Clara Bow (of course) removes all her clothes in the picture. She's by no means an uninteresting girl and she's always been a good actress. But she'd have to be a better one to have made us like "Red Hair."

"We Americans"

THE indubitable advantages of this our native land as a place to immigrate to have been dwelt on before this, but never with quite such flattering unction as in "We Americans."

The story is interesting and well nourished and contains a great many genuinely moving developments.

The picture's ending is what we'd call highly optimistic. A Miss Levine is represented as about to wed a scion of one of those unutterably class-conscious American families existent only on the screen.

Well—maybe; but, while we'd be the last to say that such an ultimate development would be undesirable in this land of opportunity, we submit that it would have to be a run-away match in real life, even though in real life people *don't* say to comparative strangers, "Ours is one of the oldest families in America, you know."

Mr. Laemmle did it all before in "His People" with Rudolph Schildkraut. George Sidney's work in "We Americans" is splendid, but the picture is, on the whole, less authentic than its predecessor, if rather more pretentious.

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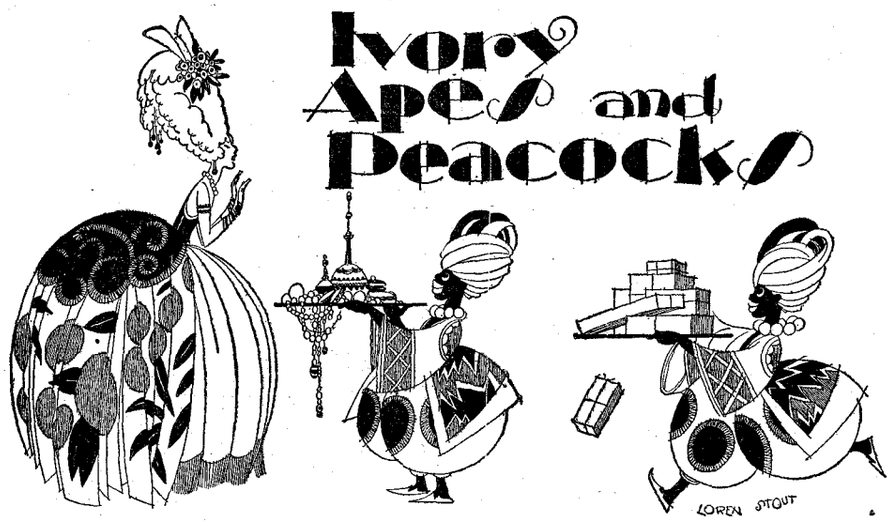

By W. R. BROOKS

IF you want to bring up your child in the way he should go, you have got to consider his environment pretty carefully. And the rooms where he plays and sleeps, where he spends most of his time when he's indoors, are an important part of his environment. If he is surrounded, when he's in them, with ugly furniture and trashy children's books and cheap, sentimental, badly drawn pictures, he may like that kind of thing when he grows up. At least he will have a lot to unlearn. A case in point is an "art photograph," hand-colored in what seem to us now nauseous hues, representing a fat little girl with golden ringlets and a Newfoundland dog. It was called "Pals," and it hung in the parlor of one of our playmates, and—perhaps because it hung in the parlor—our admiration for it was so intense that even today we cannot rid ourself of it. Of course, it doesn't sound so bad when we describe it. You have to see it to realize how truly awful it is. But the point is that if it had been a decent picture we might have been led through it to admire other decent pictures, whereas now we still have a sneaking liking for mawkish sentiment in art.

Fortunately, it is possible nowadays to surround children with nice, simple, well-designed things. And children like these things better if you give them the chance. There are shops which specialize in them, which go even further and give the individual child individual attention. And we believe that they fill a rather important need.

In one of these shops we saw furniture for children—beds and dressers and desks and tables and chairs. Upholstered chairs, some of them, which pleased us, for we have often wondered why the small-sized chairs made for children should always be hard and uncomfortable. Has it something to do with old-fashioned ideas of discipline, and the belief that bodily discomfort is good for the soul? Anyway, this furniture has both comfort and beauty. It is well made and the lines are good—nothing gimcrack about it. There was some imported French Provençal furniture, too, which was very nice.

If you are doing a playroom or a nursery for children, you will find many stimulating ideas here. The rugs and hangings and pictures are all appropriate, interesting, and good. There were, for instance, some paintings for children by Frances Ferguson and Lauren Ford which any child would be delighted with. At the same time, they're good paintings.

At another shop we saw more furniture, one piece of which was a combination of desk, book-shelves, and cupboards for toys. It looks a little like a dresser, is simple and sturdy, and is made of natural pine, very carefully finished. We wouldn't mind having one ourself—of a suitable magnitude, of course, and with perhaps proportionately a little more room for toys, of which we have a good many. We don't call them toys, but they are, just the same. If you don't believe us, look in the drawers of your desk and your library table and see if half the things there aren't honestly just as much toys as the dolls and trains of cars you played with years ago.

You can also get miniature kitchen equipment for children. One electric range has two heat units along with an oven and broiler. Another style looks like a big hotel range—smooth-topped, with big ovens below. And there are special sizes of aluminum saucepans and pyrex baking-dishes. Perhaps little girls might become interested in cookery through owning these things. We can see one drawback, though. Mother would have to taste and smack her lips over all the messes that daughter prepared. And the waffle iron that makes child-size waffles—no, we do not recommend that you buy daughter one of these. Unless you have some rabbits to feed the waffles to. We don't like rabbits.

IF you have always desired to be the center of attraction at a party, and haven't had any success with the ukulele or the saxophone or Elbert Hubbard's Notebook, why not buy one of the accordions that plays music rolls like a player piano? It ought to be sure fire, because you don't have to read fifteen minutes or take ten lessons before becoming proficient. Just put a roll in, stick it under your arm when you go to the party, and then when your rivals have got through talking to the waiter in French and giving the measurements of the Pyramids of Gizeh, grab up your automatic concertina and strike up a lilting tune. Ourself, we were never much good at a party. We don't sing or play or even whistle very well; we can talk a little Swedish, but there never seem to be any Swedes at the parties we're asked to; and the only parlor tricks we know seem to our friends just a little vulgar. The Five-Foot Shelf never helped us very much either. People at the parties we go to don't seem to be very intellectual. But we're certainly going to get one of those concertinas.

KITE time is nearly here, apropos of which there is a Kite Kraft set for boys which includes tools, materials, and instructions for building a great variety of soaring kites. Also a model monoplane set for building a plane which has a 3½-foot wing spread, and will actually fly.

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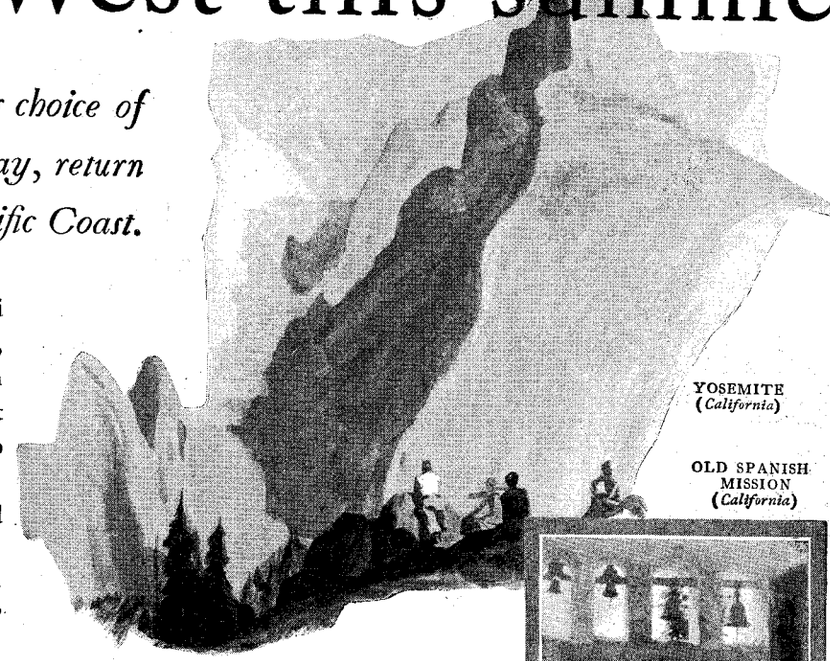

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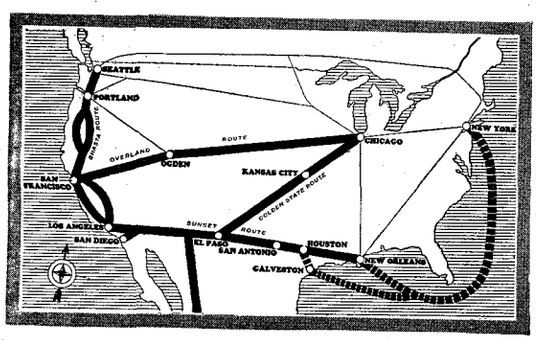

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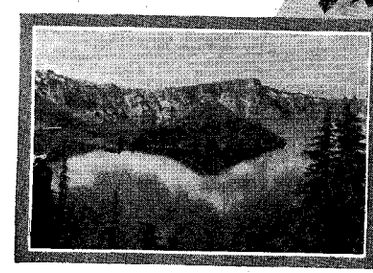

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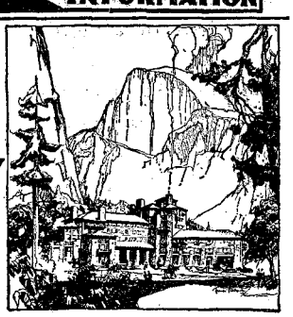

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Mania in the Market

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

STOCK market news has for several weeks held a fairly permanent place on the front pages of the newspapers. Reporters have racked their brains to find new metaphors and similes with which to dramatize the violent changes in prices and the tremendous volume of transactions. Rumors of the fortunes won and lost in a day and stories of the all-night labors of brokerage-office employees have run side by side with the latest transatlantic flight bulletins and the reports of the latest oil scandals. The ups and downs of meteoric stocks like Radio and General Motors have been chronicled almost as meticulously as the testimony of Ruth Snyder or Willie Stevens.

And there is no doubt but that the market has earned all this publicity. Its recent history has never been paralleled. Records of every sort have been smashed. Until a few weeks ago the Stock Exchange session of March 3, 1926, in which 3,800,000 shares changed hands, marked the peak of activity. Before the end of March nearly 5,000,000 shares had changed hands in a single session and the financial writers were able to speak of the turnover of more than 4,000,000 shares as "reduced activity."

Speculative enthusiasm was reflected in the prices of seats on the various exchanges. A Stock Exchange seat, which could have been bought a year ago for about $200,000, sold for $375,000, and the demand for memberships in the Curb, Produce, Rubber, and Cocoa Exchanges forced equally steep rises in their values.

Some of the favorite speculative vehicles attained terrific velocity. Radio shot from below par to above 170 in less than three weeks, sometimes hopping more than 20 points overnight, and it took General Motors no longer to race from below 140 to practically 200. Daily gains of from 5 to 10 points were commonplace.

All these are familiar symptoms of a country-wide speculative mania. Conservative bankers and financial editors, long before the fever was at its height, wrung their hands and shook their heads and vowed that speculators had built a fool's paradise. Burrowing into history books and encyclopædias, they found parallels to this enthusiasm and were able to prove conclusively that the inevitable result was a smash. These warnings circulated widely, but the buyers of stocks who had brought about this condition bought more and prices continued to mount. The spirit was so contagious that many more or less thoughtful speculators who thought that stocks were much too high joined the ranks of the bulls just because they were unable to resist the lure of steadily mounting prices.

It is the easiest thing in the world to prove that prices had no business to go up. Unemployed were standing in bread-lines, car loadings had been declining, and money was growing firmer. But what difference did that make? The public, a collective appellation for the familiar "lambs" of stock market literature, pushed to 200 stocks which statisticians could demonstrate conclusively to be worth less than 125. The experts were in the same position as the sporting writers who had told their readers day after day that Dempsey should have been a 50-to-1 bet against Tunney in their first meeting.

Yet these experts did some very pretty forecasting. As early as last December, many of them outlined quite accurately a series of events in the money market which should have forced stocks down. The schedule ran something like this:

The Federal Reserve System would contract the supply of money by selling Government securities and raising its rediscount rates. Gold would leave the country. Business would grow more active and drain away funds which had been financing speculation. All these withdrawals of credit would so weaken the stock market's structure as to force a collapse.

The Federal Reserve System, the gold supply, and business all followed the schedule, but the market did not. It had not, at least, at the time this was written.

For the apparently illogical behavior of stocks there are only three really plausible explanations. The first is that the market is giving notice of a tremendous business boom. This is the least probable. None of the most reliable

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authorities see anything better than moderate commercial and industrial activity ahead.

The other explanations are public psychology and the downward trend of return on invested capital. Both are probably valid to a certain extent, but it will be interesting to find out which was the most important in the bull market of the spring of 1928—a country-wide speculative urge or changing economic conditions which made a stock which earned ten dollars a year in 1927, other things being equal, worth twice as much as it would have been in 1920.

If the public's speculative frenzy is as unjustified as it was in 1901, the day of reckoning cannot be far away and the wool sheared from the lambs will be piled higher than ever before.

But there is good reason to believe that the speculators are only obeying economic laws. Always after a great war interest rates have declined. This trend continued for more than thirty-five years after Waterloo. Without any question, capital is having a hard time finding employment. Agents of American banks are scouring foreign countries offering loans. No one can say dogmatically that it is less wise to lend funds to a dangerously placed European nation at 5½ per cent than to buy shares of magnificent American organizations like the General Motors or the General Electric corporations for ten or fifteen times what they earned last year.

The decreasing demand for the present supply of capital has already caused a sharp revision in the relation between security prices and their yields. Strong bonds, that returned as much as 5½ per cent in 1920, now give little more than 4 per cent. Eight years ago a stock that sold for six times its earnings was considered to be none too cheap. Today a stock of any standing at all sells for at least ten times its earnings. If yields continue to shrink, the prices of standard securities must rise further. The stock market may have been going too fast, but it is probably headed in the right direction.

Sound business demands ample reserves
—*readily available but never idle*

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Tell Me a Story[1]

Original tales remembered from childhood to tell to children

Conducted by HARRIET EAGER DAVIS

Illustrated by Helen Jameson

IT was not her real name, but old black Sarah, faithful Mammy nurse, christened her "Little Missy," and the nickname stuck. She was a handful, that small Southerner, with a terrific energy that was the despair of her more placid family.

"I've finished that. *Now* what can I do?" was the incessant demand that nearly turned her mother's hair gray.

So, to keep her quiet, old Sarah told stories—of "hants" and horrors dear to a darky's heart, but of pleasanter things too, and of these Missy's favorite was "The Fairy Egg." Mammy's story is really an illuminating bit of Southern social history of the post-Civil War period in fanciful guise.

The Fairy Egg

As remembered by the granddaughter of a Civil War Governor

THERE was once a little Southern girl named Missy. Before the war her family had been rich; her father owned hundreds of slaves and the finest house in town, filled with heirlooms, while her mother's chest held rare old brooches and rings and the loveliest of real lace. Little Missy loved to peep into the lace-chest and touch the beautiful wedding veil which had belonged to every bride in the family and which she too would wear some day.

But better even than the veil Missy loved her egg, left her in Grandfather's will. It was real gold, and as pretty a plaything as a little girl's heart could wish, carved all over in tiny Cupids and fairies and roses, with a gold band holding the two halves together, and something inside that rattled when it was shaken. Ever since she could remember Missy had played with her golden toy, and she and old black Mammy had christened it "the fairy egg."

But all that was before the war.

When the Yankees won and the slaves went free, Father lay dead on a far battlefield; the family fortune was lost, and there was no one left to serve Missy and her mother but faithful old Mammy. They held their heads high before the neighbors, but one day Missy saw Mother and old Sally whispering together.

"There's nothing else to do," said Mother, wiping her eyes, and Mammy put her arms about her mistress.

"Doan you worry, honey," she comforted. "Ole Sally 'll do her bes' fer you," and that afternoon she stole out the back door with a big flat package wrapped in newspaper.

Dinner was extra fine that night, and Mother looked lovely in her finest lace shawl and her best gold brooch. Missy was so busy enjoying Mammy's wonderful hot biscuit she hardly noticed that they were not served from Great-Grandmother's old silver tray, as usual, but from a common kitchen tray.

Next afternoon old Sally had another errand with a newspaper-covered package, and that night there were crisp waffles and tender chicken, but they drank from plain glass tumblers instead of the beautiful old silver goblets that had been in the family for a hundred years, and Mother wore her second-best shawl and her other gold brooch.

Every night Missy missed something familiar, and every morning Mammy disappeared with a package and came back with a basket of meat and groceries. But such wonderful meals as she served, always coaxing her mistress to "try jes' a little mo'," for Mother seemed to have lost her appetite.

Still Missy didn't understand, until one day she opened the lace-chest and peeped inside. It was empty. Her beautiful wedding veil was gone.

When Mother found her little girl crying, she sat down beside the chest and cried too. Then she told Missy the truth. Everything had been sold—lace, jewels, silver, old miniatures, even furniture, just to get enough to eat. Yesterday Sally had sold Missy's wedding veil. And tomorrow Mother, who had never worked in her life, was going out to try to find some teaching to do.

Dinner that night was only cornbread and turnips, and Mother wore no finery. Afterwards, as Missy sat rattling her precious fairy egg and studying the carved Cupids and roses, she noticed Mammy looking at her and whispering to Mother. But Mother shook her head quickly.

"Oh, no!" she cried. "I couldn't do that. It's all she has left from her grandfather."

Missy rattled her egg loudly, pretending not to understand. No, no—that was too much to ask. She'd rather eat turnips. That night she fell asleep with her cheek pressed against the roses on her precious egg.

Next morning Missy's first thought was the egg. From the window, holding it in both hands, she saw Mother in her shabby bonnet turn at the front gate to smile and wave good-by to her little daughter. Missy sat, turning her egg over and over, but somehow the fairies and Cupids looked less gay and the gold band around the middle seemed to have worn loose.

[1] The stories in this department are the favorite tales of various families which have been handed down to each succeeding younger generation. The Outlook will be glad to receive and to pay for any such stories which our readers remember from their own childhood and which are found available. They should be told as simply as possible in the language one would use in talking to a child. We should also be glad of suggestions from older and younger readers as to well-known people whom they would be especially interested to have Mrs. Davis interview for stories remembered from childhood.

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A long time she watched, and then she saw Mother coming slowly up the street, head high in her shabby bonnet, but her lips were pressed together, and Missy knew what had happened. She had lost the teaching.

Quick as a flash Missy was down the broad stairs and out the big front door. Mother smiled to see her racing along the wide stone walk, holding out her golden egg.

"Oh, Mother, Mother!" she cried. "It doesn't matter. Don't worry. We can sell my"—

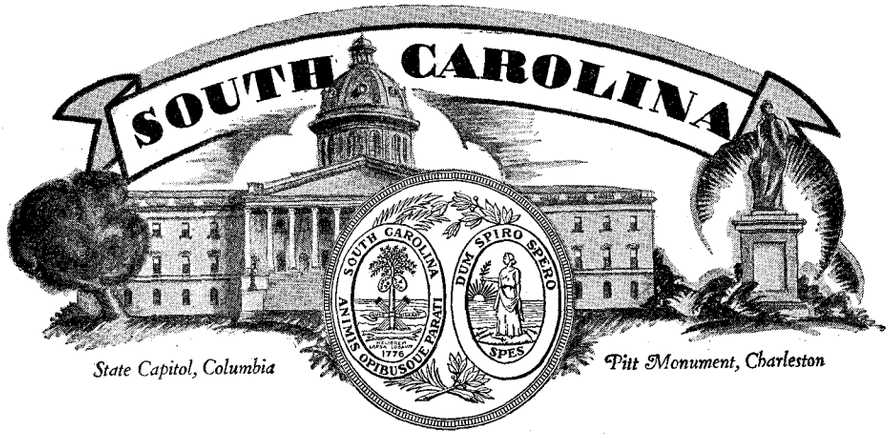
Then she stumbled and fell flat. The egg flew from her hands and fell crack! on the walk. The loose band dropped off and the two golden halves rolled apart.

But what were those sparkling red stones scattering every which way? Missy didn't even notice her grazed knee and Mother forgot her lost teaching, while Mammy came waddling from the house, and all three stooped in great excitement to pick them up. For they were rubies—great rare red gems, enough to make them all rich again. Wise old Grandfather had hidden a fortune in Missy's fairy egg.

The Movies

(See page 587)

"The Battles of Coronel and Falkland Islands."—A British film; well worth your while.
"Beau Sabreur."—Pepless desert drama.
"Chicago."—See what the movies can do when they try.
"The Circus."—Charlie Chaplin's newest, and one of his best.
"The Count of Ten."—James Gleason and Charles Ray in a good ring drama.
"The Crowd."—King Vidor is a great director. The story is slim and depressing.
"Czar Ivan the Terrible."—Hectic, but interesting Russian-made film.
"The Divine Woman."—Greta Garbo has a tough time with this one.
"Dressed to Kill."—Excellent crook melodrama.
"Drums of Love."—A big eyeful from D. W. Griffith.
"Finders Keepers."—Laura La Plante, and some hard-pressed humor.
"Four Sons."—Beauty, skill, tears, and hokum.
"The Gaucho."—Douglas Fairbanks is good. In this one he needs to be.
"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."—Plenty of chuckles for the business man.
"A Girl in Every Port."—A pretty feeble vehicle for the large Victor McLaglen.
"The Jazz Singer."—Al Jolson + Vitaphone = Price of Admission.
"The Last Command."—Emil Jannings in a picture worthy of him.
"The Last Moment."—Interesting photographic tricks, if you like them.
"The Latest from Paris."—Something pleasantly innocuous, with Norma Shearer.
"The Legion of the Condemned."—After "Wings." A long way after.
"Love Me and the World is Mine."—For insomniacs and very young cash-girls.
"Mother Machree."—For the Irish vote. Very nice.
"The Noose."—A pretty fair Richard Barthelmess picture.
"Rose Marie."—Run! Here's the Mounted Police again.
"Sadie Thompson."—Gloria Swanson and Lionel Barrymore trying not to play "Rain."
"The Secret Hour."—"They Knew What They Wanted" dolled up for the screen with Pola Negri and Jean Hersholt. Good.
"The Showdown."—Tropical mix-up, and how.
"Simba."—See it—you'll thank us.
"The Smart Set."—You'll die outside, seeking air.
"Soft Living."—A nice enough little drama, with Madge Bellamy.
"The Student Prince."—A Lubitsch production. Don't miss it.
"Sunrise."—The best picture on any screen today.
"Tenderloin."—The talking picture. They'll have to do better.
"That's My Daddy."—Reginald Denny in a pleasant farce.
"The Trail of '98."—Big Alaskan melodrama, with some grand scenes.
"Wings."—A war picture with a big wallop.



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Speaking of Books

A New Literary Department

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

THE books in greatest demand are usually those most discussed. The following list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by eight book-shops each week. These particular book-shops were chosen because we think that they reflect the tastes of the more representative readers. These shops are as follows:

New York—Brentano's.
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.
Cleveland—Korner & Wood.
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney.
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Co.
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company.
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company.

Fiction

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert & Charles Boni. In this book widely divergent lives are brought to the same, simultaneous end, thus giving the author the opportunity to unite in a pattern otherwise unrelated character studies. It is a wise and moving account of the workings of God's providence, beautifully written. Its popularity speaks well for our discrimination as readers. Reviewed January 4.

"The Greene Murder Case," by S. S. Van Dine. Charles Scribner's Sons. The story of a detective story must never be told. It is sufficient to say that lovers of this sort of fiction find "The Greene Murder Case" a good one. There is a death of some sort in almost every chapter. But the one person whom we, personally, would be glad to murder, the society detective, is still alive on the last page, casting his pearls of Latin quotation, Russian cigarette, and French persiflage before the unappreciative police.

"Winfersmoon," by Hugh Walpole. Doubleday, Doran & Co. You will enjoy this fine comedy of manners. It is the story of two sisters. One makes a marriage of convenience into a true marriage; the other carries her marriage of passion into tragedy. Some characters from "The Duchess of Wrexe" reappear in a brilliant London setting. The dialogue, the satire, and the human sympathy are Walpole at his best. Reviewed March 7.

"Crusade," by Donn Byrne. Little, Brown & Co. You will find this tale of Miles O'Neill, Crusader to the Holy Land, an interesting story of warring Christian sects, sinister Templars, Saracen wisdom and tolerance, and Irish fighting and love-making, written with poetic charm and warm humanity. Reviewed March 28.

"Etched in Moonlight," by James Stephens. The Macmillan Company. In the seven stories of this book James Stephens writes of dreams. Not all of them are the dreams of sleep, but all partake of that dream quality of mysterious terror, breath-taking beauty, and sorrowfulness too heavy and too intangible for speech. Further, they are evidence of the author's great versatility. Stephens is always the poet, but he is confined to no set of forms. The story "Hunger" is as fine a piece of short-story writing as we have seen in contemporary work.

Non-Fiction

"Disraeli," by André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co. Those who enjoyed "Ariel" will want to read this and the change of subject from revolutionary poet to imperialistic statesman need not deter them. Disraeli, a romantic figure of an almost fictional type, is a happy choice for an imaginative biography. Maurois breathes life into the Victorian political figures. Reviewed by Lawrence F. Abbott, February 22.

"Trader Horn," by Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis. Simon & Schuster. The romantic story of an ancient adventurer, full of poetry, guileless wisdom, action, and more or less reliable information. Reviewed November 16.

"Mother India," by Katherine Mayo. Harcourt, Brace & Co. This account of some aspects of Indian society is not calculated to endear us to India, but is providing lively reading for lots of Americans. We suggest that they follow it with "A Son of Mother India," by Dhan Gopal Mukerji. E. P. Dutton & Co. Reviewed June 22.

"Strange Interlude," by Eugene O'Neill. Boni & Liveright. This, "the first successful attempt of drama to use the double voice," to carry on at once objective action and comment and subjective thought made audible, is a theft by the dramatist of some of the novelist's best thunder. The play is as good to read as to see; perhaps better for students of modern drama. Reviewed by Francis R. Bellamy in "Lights Down," February 22.

"Safari," by Martin Johnson. G. P. Putnam's Sons. This is made from the diary of four years spent in Africa, on the edge of the greatest remaining paradise of wild animals. The story is always interesting, often exciting. And the pictures, taken by Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, are wonderful—lions, elephants, 'nevrything.

All Sorts of Books

THE space limits of this department permit the reviewing of about one in ten of the *noteworthy* books which are published. Books of literary value, useful books, entertaining and informative ones, have to be left out all the time. And so some tastes are necessarily neglected. It is in the hope of repairing that neglect that the following recent books are named. No critical comment is made upon them except the general one that their inclusion in this list is in itself a favorable comment. With so little room, we are not going to try swinging any literary cats, no matter how good fun it is. You cannot go wrong on these books if their subjects invite you.

"Olives of Endless Age," by H. N. Brailsford (Harper & Brothers). This is a study of this distracted world and its need of unity by a very gifted writer and a practical idealist.

"The Restless Pacific," by Nicholas Roosevelt (Charles Scribner's Sons). The problem of American policy in the East ably discussed from an imperialistic bias.

"China, Where It Is and Why," by T. F. Millard (Harcourt, Brace & Co.). Especially interesting to read in connection with the above-mentioned book, this gives an intelligent appraisal of the relation of the new China to the Powers.

"Empire to Commonwealth," by W. P. Hall (Henry Holt & Co.). A comparison of the forces within the British Empire making for cohesion with those which make for disruption. Independent in tone and admirably written.

"Young India," by Mahatma Gandhi (The Viking Press), a new collection of papers by the great Hindu teacher and leader, and "The British Connection with India," by K. T. Paul (Student Christian Movement), are valuable to students of Oriental affairs; and the first should be read by all readers of "Mother India."

"Urbanization," by John G. Thompson (E. P. Dutton & Co.), and "Standing Room Only?" by Edward A. Ross (The Century Company). Studies, the one of the effect upon civilization of the

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growth of cities, the other of the apparently approaching problem of overpopulation, which will be of particular interest to economists.

"Constructive Citizenship," by L. P. Jacks (Doubleday, Doran & Co.), and "The Campus," by Robert C. Angell (D. Appleton & Co.), present the contemporary problems of the educator in a manner to interest laymen.

"Marx and Lenin," by Max Eastman (A. & C. Boni). The science of revolution brilliantly discussed. The writer is an Anglo-Saxon and a poet—if those qualifications add to your confidence in his judgment and temper.

"Skyward," by Commander R. E. Byrd (G. P. Putnam's Sons), and "Record Flights," by Clarence D. Chamberlin (Dorrance & Co.). Needing no introduction are the stirring autobiographical narratives of men who have led heroic and valuable lives. Like Lindbergh's book, they are splendid for boys as well as adults.

"Great Detectives and Their Methods," by George Dilnot (Houghton Mifflin Company), and "Some Famous Medical Trials," by Leonard A. Parry (Charles Scribner's Sons), are more credible than and quite as exciting as most detective stories. The first is especially good.

"Danton," by Hilaire Belloc (G. P. Putnam's Sons). The American edition of a most admirable book, written some years ago, which no one interested in the French Revolution or enjoying Belloc's style should miss.

"Henry Clay Frick, the Man," by George Harvey (Charles Scribner's Sons). Another biography of a self-made man, interesting as a further contribution to the study of that genius which is peculiarly American.

History and Legend

By AMOS N. WILDER

"The Glorious Company," by Tracy D. Mygatt and Frances Witherspoon. Harcourt, Brace & Co.

The authors have given us here the lives and legends of the Twelve Apostles and St. Paul. They are presented with a refreshing modernness of interpretation, which both takes account of recent criticism and cherishes the beauty of old lore and legend. The volume includes attractive drawings. Some of those figures that are clearest in the New Testament are set before us with only slight development from imagination and legend. The more shadowy figures, on the other hand, receive a rich coloring from apocrypha and story. In either case the portraits are beautiful and instructive. Our times are reacting from the strict ban of history and admitting that "truth embodied in a tale will enter in at lowliest doors." It is time, too, that all of us entered into the treasuries of the Church's hagiography.

Many will find the book invaluable for the available form in which it presents the legends of the Twelve. Here we have detail on such rooted tradition as the connections of St. Andrew with Scotland, St. James Major with Spain, St. Thomas with India. Many will enjoy the legend interconnecting the figures of the Bible: Judas and Mary of Magdala, Thomas baptizing the Wise Men in India years after the Nativity, Nathaniel and the Cana wedding. Perhaps the most striking study is that of Judas. His tragedy is seen in terms of

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A TEMPLE OF TOPAZ
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With this volume Mr. Boreham brings his *Texts That Made History* to a close. This fifth volume is a companion in its form and content to the others: *A Bunch of Everlastings, A Casket of Cameos, A Faggot of Torches*, and *A Handful of Stars*—the group forming a veritable mint of rich homiletical material which appeals at once to the appreciative judgment of preachers of all denominations. Price, net, $1.75, postpaid.

THAT I MAY SAVE SOME
By Bishop William Fraser McDowell

These five lectures, delivered originally before the Pacific School of Religion, are not, so Bishop McDowell declares, a contribution to theology or to scholarship, but rather one more effort to get the Church to singing again, singing anew, the song of the angels above the plains, "A Saviour is born." There is, therefore, a distinct evangelistic purpose running throughout the volume. Price, net, $1.00, postpaid.

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modern insight. Then comes the luxurious growth of the Judas legend throughout the world. The Middle Ages elaborated it infinitely and always through eyes of hatred and fear. There was the Judas curse, the Judas charms, and the Judas drama, traces of which still survive. The old English mystery tells us that the traitor's horrible end "was consummated by Satan, who, crouching on Judas's shoulder as he hung, so increased his weight that the rope broke, adding the last touch to his tortures."

Such a book, in ways, carries into the sacred field the prevalent mode of romantic biography. We cannot indict the attempt. These portraits, in which so much of imagination is often interpolated in the Gospel hints, stand because of their adequacy. No doubt the disciples are seen through Western eyes. Schweitzer has told us that Jesus himself must ever remain an enigma to us, in his Jewish setting. As with the Master, so with the servants. But if the very Gospels misread their actors, if the legends surely do, what harm if we do so again today? Do we not misread often to a worse degree the lives we look on around us? In any case, we find much of partial truth and much of the essential spirit in our study of men gone by; as much, perhaps, as we in particular can lay hold of. Herein is the value of these portraits.

New Biography

By MILTON BYRON

"Kit Carson: The Happy Warrior of the Old West," by Stanley Vestal. Houghton Mifflin Company.
"Rufus Choate: The Wizard of the Law," by Claude M. Fuess. Minton, Balch & Co.
"Alger: A Biography Without a Hero," by Herbert R. Mayes. Macy-Masius.
"Mussolini: The Man of Destiny," by Vittorio E. De Fiori. E. P. Dutton & Co.
"Black Majesty," by John W. Vandercook. Harper & Brothers.

It is comparatively recently that the general reading public has discovered that biographies need not necessarily belong to that class of literature known as "heavy." These five biographies under review are deserving of particular attention and are anything but the conventional, cut-and-dried "lives" that one too often associates with the word biography. Truth is very often more interesting, as well as stranger than, fiction.

For example, Stanley Vestal has written an account of the life and adventures of Kit Carson which is as thrilling a story of Indian fighting and the pioneer days on the Western frontier as one could find within the pages of a book. It is written in a thoroughly readable and interesting style and presents Kit Carson as a man rather than as a character or a hero. The author allows Kit to speak for himself and reveals him through his actions instead of retailing

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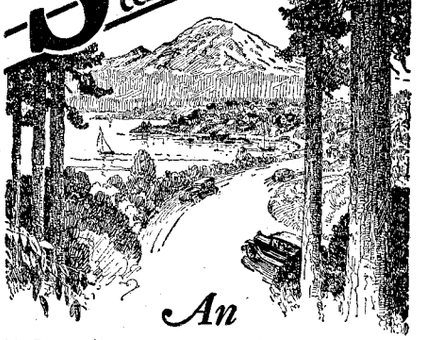

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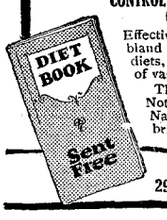

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his own impressions. And, although obviously a great admirer of Carson, he has not allowed himself to become blind to the man's faults. He has reproduced Kit as he was; hard on his enemies, true to his friends, quick on the trigger, uncultured, a squaw man, and fighting desperately for his ideals. Then he has followed Kit through his days as a free-lance trapper, his period as a hunter for Bent's fort, his three marriages, his part in the Frémont expedition, his experiences as Indian agent, and his eventual commission in the United States Army. The reader will approve of most of his experiences and will be revolted at some others, but it is all glorious adventure and was all in the day's work for Kit Carson. When you have finished the book, you will know why he was the greatest of the frontiersmen, why he was respected by Indians and whites alike, and why he was made a general in the army. Not because Mr. Vestal tells you so, but because you have been given an opportunity to judge for yourself. The author has seen the futility of attempting to add to the drama of the Old West. He has stuck strictly to facts, and for excitement and thrills the truth about Kit Carson cannot be improved upon. The end-papers of the book are in the form of a map of the country over which Kit Carson roamed and fought.

The biography of Rufus Choate by Mr. Fuess is the first one to be written about him which could be read by the average reader with any great enjoyment. His previous biographers have devoted themselves almost exclusively to the legal aspects of his career, and in so doing have neglected him as a personality. Mr. Fuess, sensing this need for a human-interest story of America's foremost lawyer and orator, has given us this intimate picture of Choate with all his idiosyncrasies and eccentricities. And he shows him to us in his more playful moments, when he would stem the flow of his powerful oratory to poke a little innocent fun at his adversary. The tragedy of Choate's career is that he was not identified with any cases of lasting importance, and therefore his speeches have not been preserved. He wanted simply to practice law and read; politics he avoided as much as possible, although he did serve one term as a Senator. A great deal of the book is, of necessity, given over to excerpts from his speeches and superficial details of his cases, which, although remarkable examples of rhetoric, are not of much interest to the average reader. The book, despite every effort on the part of Mr. Fuess, remains more or less specialized and will appeal primarily to any one of the legal profession and to all students of oratory.

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The book by Herbert Mayes is the first biography of Horatio Alger, Jr., that has ever been written, and upon reading it one marvels that nobody has written one before. Every one knows Alger—and yet, do they? To most people Alger is just a name—the name of a man who wrote a lot of silly boys' books—and it will be with ever-widening eyes that these people will read the story of his life.

The present generation are familiar with his work by hearsay largely and consider it a great joke, but it is easy to see that this was not always the case. It is doubtful if any one man did more to inspire and influence the youth of the past generation than Horatio Alger. There has always seemed to be something unreal about Alger, at least to this reviewer, and it is with a feeling of great surprise that one learns, for example, that he was a graduate of Harvard College, that he studied for the ministry, that he was disappointed in love, that he never smoked or drank, and a host of other things. One learns that his writing was a pathetic effort to achieve real literature, that the morals in his stories were really lay sermons, and that he lived with the newsboys of New York City because he craved friendship of almost any sort. One could not hope for a better biographer than Mr. Mayes. He has a delicate and whimsical humor which seems to be the best possible medium in which to introduce Alger to the public. He adopts a slightly patronizing air towards him, as though he were a rather unusual small boy he is showing off, and yet his attitude is tempered throughout with real sympathy and understanding. Alger is just plain "Horatio" to his biographer. The book is illustrated with photographic reproductions of the covers of some of Alger's books and the end-papers are in the form of a map of Manhattan, with several burlesque characters in their native haunts.

It would be extremely difficult to find a man who is more talked about and less understood at the present time than Mussolini. His activities are chronicled daily in the newspapers and the eyes of thinking people all over the world are centered upon him. And yet as an individual he has never really been introduced to the public.

His biographers heretofore have presented him merely as a machine, fighting for this or opposing that, and it has remained for Mr. De Fiori to present Mussolini, the man. Having been intimately associated with him during his vagabondage in Switzerland, his career as a Socialist, and his period as editor of "Il Popolo d'Italia," he is indeed well qualified for this work. Through him we learn that Mussolini has an extremely ill temper which is evident on all occasions, and that he plays the violin and is extremely fond of music. One also senses the absolute recklessness and fearlessness of the man that have given him the power he now exerts in Italy. But, first and foremost, one learns, and without the slightest trace of propaganda, of Mussolini's sincere love of country and what his ideals stand for in Fascism. Mr. De Fiori's style is extremely interesting and makes very pleasant reading quite aside from the fact that the book should be read for the sake of the information contained in it, if for no other. The book is illustrated with numerous photographs of Italy's Premier at various stages of his career.

"Black Majesty" is more in the nature of a novel than a biography in that it follows a strict narrative construction, allowing the principal character to stand out through sheer force of his dominating personality. It is the story of Henry Christophe, a Negro slave boy who, through a remarkable series of events and his own indomitable initiative, rises to the exalted position of King of Haiti. He is first imported to the island as a small boy and is obliged to suffer the ignominy of being bought by another black man. He works in his café and billiard parlor, and there picks up scraps of conversation let drop within his hearing. Piecing this information together, he is in a strong position when the blacks rise in organized revolt against the whites on the island. At the close of the insurrection he is appointed assistant to the black Governor, and is later instrumental in defeating an army which Napoleon Bonaparte sends over to conquer the island. Finally, after the death of the Governor, he succeeds to his position, and later establishes himself as King, hoping to gain sufficient dignity in this way to command the respect of the European sovereigns. Mr. Vandercook has made of it a highly glamourous and dramatic story. There are some slight historical inaccuracies, but one would be ungrateful indeed to complain of these in the light of the heightened dramatic effect of the story. The author has caught the spirit of the exalted savage in his struggle for culture and power, and he senses his ambition to achieve greater things than any other Negro has ever done and to leave behind him a monument to his success. Every minute of his life from the slave days to his dramatic demise at his own hands is rendered in exquisite prose, and the text is admirably illustrated with color plates and head and tail pieces by Mahlon Blaine.

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If You Want Conversation, Say "Al Smith"

(Continued from page 573)

professional politics. Southerners who will announce frankly that if Smith is named they will vote the Republican ticket are apparently, even in the present heat of the controversy, less numerous than Smith supporters and seem to be mainly confined to the staff organizations of such dry and ecclesiastical bodies as might be called the official opposition. One meets certainly a good many more who announce that when the Smith nomination is achieved they are through with politics for the year and will spend election day fishing. Again, there seems to be a fairly representative amount of opinion which, while anxious to carry its opposition up to the last ballot of the Convention, is disposed to accept Smith nominally as the party candidate if a two-thirds majority selects him without a too scandalous amount of log-rolling or engendering too much bitter feeling.

The task of the practical politicians, then, in the event of Governor Smith's choice, will be to bring enough of this lukewarm vote to the polls and to coax enough of the positively disgruntled out of their fishing resolution to produce, with the aid of the avowed pro-Smith minority, a Democratic poll greater than the normal Republican vote in the Southern States swelled by the extreme anti-Smith firebrands. In States like Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, and Texas, where the Republican vote, while normally impotent, is nevertheless considerably more than a cipher, success is by no means a foregone conclusion. Even pro-Smith optimists admit it is largely a question of whether the State and local party organizations will do an unprecedented amount of election campaign work.

And on this point, too, there are differences of opinion both among laymen and those who are supposed to know the last word about Southern Democratic politics. In two of the larger Southern States, I happen to know, the controlling politicians believe the latent strength of the party organizations can be brought out if there is a sufficient challenge from the Republicans and the anti-Smith diehards. Hence in these States elaborate precautions are being taken even by some ostensibly dry and anti-Smith leaders to make it possible for their delegations to swing eventually to Smith at Houston, on the theory that he may be elected and the South cannot afford to stay off the band-wagon longer than the last graceful minute. On the other hand, the same Governor who denounces Smith as a party traitor because of his superior vote-getting ability predicted to me that State and local leaders will not trouble to carry the Southern States for him in November. Mere Federal patronage and the prestige of National victory, he explained, will not tempt them to endanger more profitable, permanent places at the State and county political pie-counters by excess activity in favor of a candidate whom the rank and file of the voters regard at best as a calamitous disgrace to the party.

Whether he is right in his judgment or merely, like most parties to the Southern Smith controversy, reading into the situation what he wants to see, will appear in due time at Houston and afterward. Anyway, it is safe to say that whether the State party organizations rally to Smith or sabotage him, the section will learn considerably more about the devious ways of practical politics before Al Smith ceases to be the inevitable topic of Southern conversation.

Our Own Theatre List

(See page 585)

"Coquette," Maxine Elliott.—Comedy, tragedy; youth in a small Southern town; Helen Hayes and excellent cast; first choice for tears and humor.

"The Ivory Door," Charles Hopkins.—Fantasy; mediæval fairy tale, telling the truth about human nature; Henry Hull and good company; one of the best things in town.

"Trial of Mary Dugan," National.—Mystery, murder, melodrama; circumstantial evidence turned inside out before your eye, convincingly acted; you won't move.

"The Royal Family," Selwyn.—Comedy; home hubbub of a family of famous theatrical stars; fairly well acted; so funny that it sometimes isn't real enough to be as good as it should be.

"The Shannons of Broadway," Martin Beck.—Comedy, melodrama; vaudeville actors running a small-town hotel; James and Lucile Gleason; good hard-boiled sentiment and some music.

"The Queen's Husband," Playhouse.—Modern light comedy; royalty in a mythical kingdom; Roland Young; Sherwood's most subtle humor.

"Marco Millions," Guild Theatre.—Satirical comedy; O'Neill's beautiful spectacle of Marco Polo's trip to Venice and China; the immature West meeting the wisdom of the East.

"Strange Interlude," John Golden.—A psychological novel put upon the stage; a new kind of drama; Tom Powers and Lynne Fontanne in O'Neill's finest.

"Our Betters," Henry Miller's Theatre.—Ina Claire in a drawing-room comedy by Somerset Maugham; entertaining, deft, and excellently acted.

"The Silent House," Morosco.—Humor and melodrama; impossible, hair-raising, yet extraordinarily amusing.

Best Musical Shows

"Funny Face," Alvin.—The Astaires, Gershwin music; best on Broadway.

"Show Boat," Ziegfeld.—A gorgeous spectacle; romance, emotion, exquisite settings, and music.

"Manhattan Mary," Apollo.—Ed Wynn. What more? Well, not much.

"A Connecticut Yankee," Vanderbilt.—Good lyrics and music; not much Mark Twain.

"Rain or Shine," George M. Cohan.—Joe Cook in the show you mustn't miss.

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